SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...

PIRACY

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NO. 7
NOVEMBER

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PARTNERS

THIS STORY TAKES PLACE IN THE DAYS WHEN PIRATES ROAMED THE SEAS SEEKING PREY. NOT CONTENT WITH RAIDING COASTAL SETTLEMENTS AND DEFENSELESS MERCHANT SHIPS, TWO PIRATE CAPTAINS.: VALEZ, THE SPANIARD, AND KEMP, THE ENGLISH BRUTE MADE IT A HABIT OF MALICIOUSLY ATTACKING AND HIJACKING ONE ANOTHER'S VESSELS TO STEAL THE TREASURE EACH HAD AMASSED IN THE INTERIM BETWEEN RAIDS. FINALLY, AS THE TWO BUCCANEERS WERE LOCKED IN BATTLE DURING ONE OF THESE RAIDS...

THE FIRE IS *SPREADING*, KEMP! *BOTH* OUR SHIPS WILL BURN! THIS FIGHT BETWEEN US IS *MADNESS!*
YOUR MADNESS, VALEZ! IT WAS *YOU* WHO ATTACKED *ME!*

I BUT RETURNED THE COMPLIMENTS OF *YOUR* LAST RAID UPON *ME*, KEMP! IF *I* WERE TO KILL *YOU* OR *YOU ME*, THAT WOULD BE *FINE* FOR THE *SURVIVOR!* BUT IT WOULD BE *FOLLY* FOR *BOTH* OF US TO LOSE OUR SHIPS AND PERISH!

YOU HAVE A SHREWD AND DISCERNING *MIND*, VALEZ. MANY'S THE TIME I WISHED IT WERE AT *MY* DISPOSAL INSTEAD OF *YOURS!* *I* WILL HOLD, IF *YOU* WILL!
A *PLEASURE*, KEMP! SHEATH YOUR CUTLASS AS I DO MINE!
K. CRANDALL

LET'S *DISCUSS* THIS PROBLEM OVER A BOTTLE OF *MALAGA*, KEMP. IT'S TIME WE WORKED *TOGETHER* INSTEAD OF *AGAINST* EACH OTHER!
WE WON'T HAVE MUCH *TIME*, VALEZ! YOUR SHIP IS BURNING BRISKLY! ONE GOOD WIND TO LEEWARD AND *MINE* WILL CATCH!

AND SO, WHILE THE TWO PIRATE CREWS ON DECK BATTLED FIERCELY, VALEZ AND KEMP RETIRED TO THE SPANIARD'S CABIN BELOW...

THIS IS *FINE BOOTY* YOU HAVE HERE, VALEZ! WHERE DID YOU *GET* IT!
A PORTUGESE TREASURE SHIP AND A FRENCH MERCHANTMAN. BUT WHY SO *SURPRISED*? YOU KNOW MY REPUTATION... AND I KNOW *YOURS*. LET US *END* THIS FEUD AND *JOIN FORCES*, KEMP!

I'LL MAKE A *DEAL* WITH YOU, VALEZ! *YOU* CONTRIBUTE *THIS TREASURE*... AND *I'LL* CONTRIBUTE *MY SHIP*...
AGREED! YOU CONTROL *YOUR* MEN... AND I'LL CONTROL *MINE!* BUT ALL DECISIONS WILL BE *MUTUAL*... AND WE *SHARE FUTURE SPOILS!*

THE TWO CAPTAINS, NOW ALLIED, RETURNED TO THE DECK...

STOP! DESIST, YE NUMBSKULLS! VALEZ AND I ARE *TEAMING* UP! *GET BUSY!* START LOADING *VALEZ'S TREASURE* ABOARD *MY SHIP!* AND *MAKE IT FAST!* THIS SHIP WILL BE A *FURNACE* E'ER LONG!

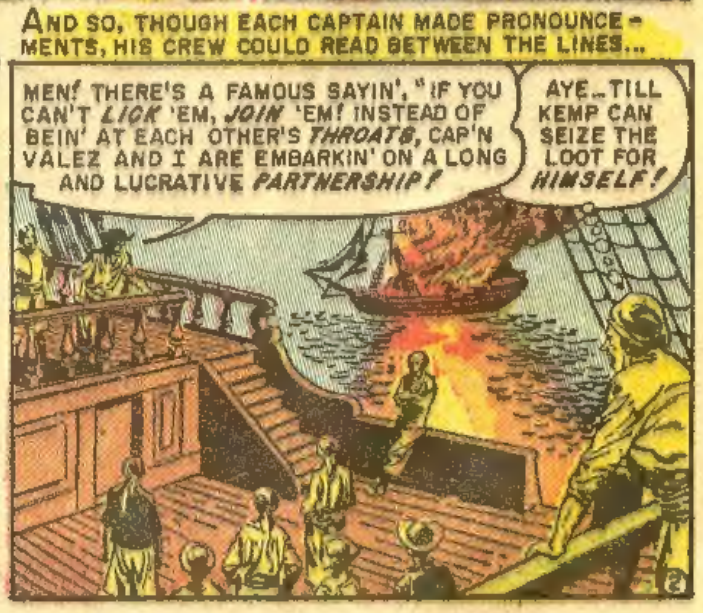
AS THE TREASURE WAS BROUGHT ON DECK AND REMOVED TO KEMP'S SHIP, VALEZ'S LIEUTENANT MOVED TO HIS CAPTAIN'S SIDE...

HAVE YE GONE *DAFT*, CAP'N? GIVING KEMP OUR BOOTY?!
I'LL GET IT BACK, RAMON... *WITH INTEREST!* THE MORE KEMP TAKES ME INTO HIS *TRUST*, THE CLOSER HE GETS TO A *WATERY GRAVE!*

WHILE, A FEW YARDS AWAY...

YOU'RE *MAD*, CAP'N! *MAD!* TAKIN' VALEZ INTO A PARTNERSHIP IS LIKE TAKIN' A *BOA CONSTRICTOR* TO BED. VALEZ WILL WAIT UNTIL YER OFF GUARD... AND *THEN*...
YOU'RE *WRONG*, O'HARA! 'TIS *I* WHO AM THE BOA! I CAN *USE* HIM! THEN, WHEN I NO LONGER *NEED* HIM...

AND SO, THOUGH EACH CAPTAIN MADE PRONOUNCEMENTS, HIS CREW COULD READ BETWEEN THE LINES...


MEN! THERE'S A FAMOUS SAYIN', "IF YOU CAN'T *LICK* 'EM, *JOIN* 'EM! INSTEAD OF BEIN' AT EACH OTHER'S *THROATS*, CAP'N VALEZ AND I ARE EMBARKIN' ON A LONG AND LUCRATIVE *PARTNERSHIP!*
AYE... TILL KEMP CAN SEIZE THE LOOT FOR *HIMSELF!*

'TIS AN *HONOR* AND A *PRIVILEGE* TO SHARE THE QUARTER-DECK WITH CAP'N KEMP... ONCE MY *ENEMY*... NOW MY *FRIEND!*

SI, TILL VALEZ CAN FEED HIM AND HIS CREW TO THE *SHARKS!*

AND SO, AN ERA OF FRIENDSHIP AND COOPERATION BETWEEN THE TWO PIRATE CAPTAINS BEGAN. KEMP AND VALEZ EMBARKED UPON A MERCILESS ASSAULT OF ALL COMMERCIAL SHIPPING IN THE CARIBBEAN...

THEY'RE *RIPE FRUIT*, READY FOR THE *PICKING! SOFTEN 'EM UP WITH THE CANNON! FIRE!*

BARKS, BRIGS, SCHOONERS ... SHIPS OF ALL FLAGS FELL INTO THE VORACIOUS MAW OF THE PIRATE PARTNERSHIP.

AT 'EM, BOYS... AN' NO QUARTER...

AND THE TREASURE STORED BELOW THE DECK OF THE PIRATE SHIP GREW...

LOOK AT THESE *SILKS*, KEMP! SOFT AS FOG! *PRICELESS RUBIES... PEARLS!* I HAVE NEVER *SEEN* SUCH BOOTY! I HAVE NEVER *OWNED* SUCH...

WE, VALEZ! *WE!* YOU *NO LONGER* AMASS WEALTH FOR *YOURSELF!* REMEMBER! IT IS *WE* WHO GROW RICHER! *NOT YOU!*

IT IS HARD FOR GREEDY MEN TO THINK IN TERMS OF MORE THAN ONE. BUT THE LESSON HAD TO BE LEARNED... BY BOTH KEMP AND VALEZ...

THIS LOOT IS WORTH A FORTUNE! I'M *RICH! RICH!*

YOU FORGET YOUR *PARTNER*, KEMP! AS *YOU YOURSELF* POINTED OUT, *WE'RE* RICH! EVERYTHING *YOU* TOUCH IS *MINE TOO!*

ONE THING IS TRUE, KEMP! WE ARE MORE SUCCESSFUL *TOGETHER* THAN WE *EVER* WERE *SEPARATELY!* MAY OUR HAPPY ASSOCIATION *CONTINUE!*

WHY *SHOULDN'T* IT, VALEZ? THERE'S WEALTH ENOUGH ON THE SEAS FOR *BOTH* OF US! WE'D BE *FOOLS* TO QUARREL *NOW!*

BUT, AS THE TREASURE ABOARD THE PIRATE VESSEL SWELLED, SO DID VALEZ'S AMBITION AND GREED...
WE'RE CARRYING MORE TREASURE THAN IS SAFE TO KEEP AFLOAT! A DISASTER, AND WE LOSE EVERYTHING! KEMP MUST BE THINKING THE SAME THING! IT'S TIME TO BURY OUR LOOT!
I THINK IT IS TIME TO BURY KEMP!
YOU HAVE A SMART HEAD ON YOUR SHOULDERS, RAMON! THAT IS MY THOUGHT EXACTLY! THE FIRST DARK NIGHT, WE WILL SNEAK UP ON KEMP'S END OF THE VESSEL AND...
WITHOUT KEMP AND HIS CREW TO WORRY ABOUT, WE WILL HAVE THE CARIBBEAN TO OURSELVES!
BUT, AT THE SAME TIME, IN KEMP'S QUARTERS...
OUR COFFERS SWELL AND SO MUST VALEZ'S GREED! IS EVERYTHING IN PREPAREDNESS FOR A SUDDEN SNEAK ATTACK, O'HARA?
AYE, CAP'N! LET THE SPANIARDS SURPRISE US! IT WILL BE THEY WHO WILL BE SURPRISED!
THUS...ON THE FIRST DARK STARLESS NIGHT...
SOFTLY, LADS...SOFTLY! KEMP'S CREW MUST PASS FROM SLEEP TO DEATH WITHOUT EVEN A FLICKER OF AN EYELID!
BUT, KEMP'S MEN NOT ONLY HAD OPEN EYELIDS, BUT READY ARMS...
TH-THEY WERE WAITING FOR US!
INTO THE SEA WITH THE DECEIVING MURDERERS!
TH-THEY'RE TOO MUCH FOR US! WE CANNOT SURVIVE THIS AMBUSH! RAMON! LOWER A LONG BOAT! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO ESCAPE INTO THE NIGHT!
AYE, CAP'N VALEZ!
WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS, CAP'N?! WHAT ABOUT OUR MEN...?!
FORGET ALL WHO CANNOT REACH US! ROW! ROW!

AND SO, WITH HIS FEW CREW MEN FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO HAVE REACHED THE LONGBOAT, VALEZ FLED INTO THE NIGHT..

I CAN *HEAR* KEMP...*LAUGHING!* HE HAS EVERYTHING NOW! *THE TREASURE*...AND THE *SHIP!* WELL, *I'M NOT THROUGH*..*YET*...

MEANWHILE, ON BOARD THE PIRATE SHIP...

IT WOULD BE *FOLLY* TO TRY TO *PURSUE THEM*, CAP'N! IT'S *PITCH BLACK* OUT THERE!

AYE! *TOO BAD!* AS LONG AS VALEZ *LIVES*, HE'S A *MENACE* TO ME! I MUST THINK OF SOME WAY TO GET *RID* OF HIM...*ONCE AND FOR ALL!*

MONTHS PASSED WHILE VALEZ SULKED IN A WEST INDIAN PORT. THEN, FINALLY, ONE NIGHT...

CAP'N! *LOOK!* AT THE *BAR!* THAT'S *O'HARA! KEMP'S MATE!*

THAT MEANS *KEMP* MUST BE *CLOSE BY! OUTSIDE*, RAMON! WE WILL *SEIZE HIM* WHEN HE *LEAVES!*

AND SO, WHEN O'HARA STUMBLED FROM THE INN...

VERY WELL, O'HARA! *SPEAK!* YOUR *LIFE* DEPENDS ON YOUR *ANSWER! WHERE IS KEMP?* WHERE HAS HE *BEEN* THESE PAST MONTHS!

I...I *CAN'T SAY!* I... HE'D *KILL* ME IF I TOLD...

AND WHAT DO YOU THINK I WILL DO IF YOU DO *NOT* TELL ME? *SPEAK*...

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! HE... HE'S SPENT THE LAST THREE MONTHS ON *PIG ISLAND*... *BURYING THE TREASURE!* I...*I KNOW WHERE IT IS!*

SO! HOW *FORTUNATE* FOR ME I *MET* YOU, O'HARA! *RAMON! WASTE! NO TIME!* ROUND UP THE CREW! WE STEAL A SHIP AND SAIL TO PIG ISLAND...*TONIGHT!* O'HARA, HERE, HAS JUST *VOLUNTEERED* TO SHOW US WHERE THE *TREASURE IS BURIED!*

NO! I *DID NOT!* BUT, I...I...I *WILL* SHOW YOU THE SPOT... IF YOU PROMISE TO *CUT ME IN*... IF YOU LET ME JOIN YOUR *CREW*, VALEZ!

THE DEAL WAS MADE, AND A WEEK LATER VALEZ ARRIVED AT PIG ISLAND...

THIS IS THE SPOT, VALEZ! THAT *TREE STUMP* MARKS THE SIGHT!

I SEE! THE STUMP IS DEEPLY SCORED AS IF BY A SHIP'S BLOCK AND TACKLE! *RAMON! BREAK OUT PICKS AND SPADES! WE START DIGGING...*

FEVERISHLY, THE DIGGING BEGAN AT A DEPTH OF TEN FEET...

CAP'N! WE'VE HIT OAK PLANKS! THE TREASURE IS HERE, WITHOUT A DOUBT!

THEN WHY DO YOU WASTE BREATH!? CONTINUE DIGGING!

DAYS PASSED... LABORIOUS DAYS OF DIGGING IN THE BLISTERING HEAT, AT A DEPTH OF THIRTY FEET...

MORE PLANKS, CAP'N!

IT CAN'T BE MUCH FURTHER! DIG! DIG!

ON THE TENTH DAY, O'HARA DISAPPEARED.

HE'S RUN OFF, CAP'N... DURING THE NIGHT!

HE WAS SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW I NEVER INTENDED SHARING ANYTHING WITH HIM! GOOD RIDDANCE! GET ON WITH THE DIGGING!

THE DIGGING CONTINUED, DESPITE TERRIBLE OBSTACLES...

CAVE-IN! LOOK OUT!

ON THE FIFTEENTH DAY, A CAVE-IN PARTIALLY REFILLED THE EXCAVATION. THE TASK WAS BEGUN AGAIN. THIS TIME THE SIDES OF THE PIT WERE SHORED UP WITH THE PLANKING THEY'D UNCOVERED. BUT MORE DIFFICULTIES WERE ENCOUNTERED....

OCEAN WATER! IT'S SEEPING IN! THE PIT IS FILLING UP!

SEND DOWN BUCKETS! START BAILING! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE IT'S COMING FROM!

ACROSS THE ISLAND, A CAVE WAS DISCOVERED. TIDAL WATERS RUSHED IN AND FLOWED UNDERGROUND TO THE PIT. THE CAVE MOUTH WAS SEALED UP...

THIS WILL STOP THE WATER! BEGIN THE DIGGING AGAIN!

AYE, CAP'N...

FINALLY, AFTER TWO MONTHS OF EXHAUSTING BACK-BREAKING WORK, AT A DEPTH OF SIXTY FEET...

THE CHESTS! WE'VE HIT THE CHESTS! LOOK CAP'N! GOLD COINS!

THAT IS NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT'S INSIDE THE CHESTS! UNCOVER THEM! QUICKLY!

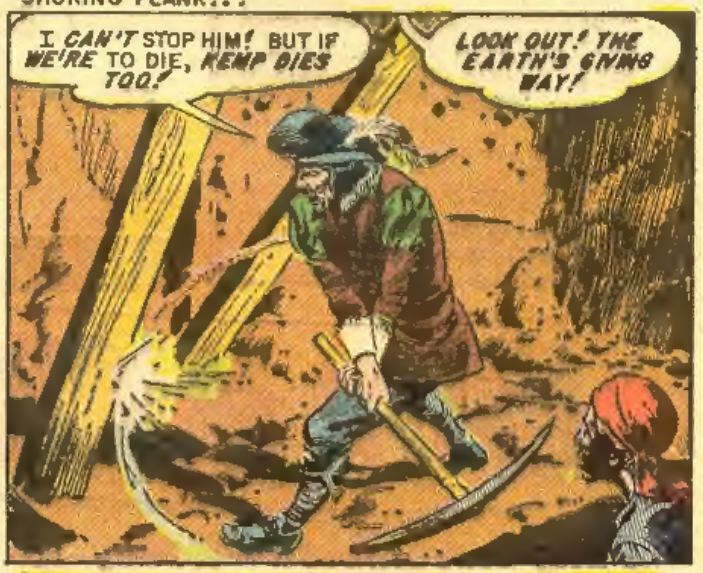
THE CHESTS WERE HASTILY UNCOVERED AND RIPPED OPEN...

SUDDENLY, IN THE MIDST OF THIS CRUEL DISAPPOINTMENT, LAUGHTER RANG OUT. VALEZ AND HIS MEN, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PIT, WHIRLED AND LOOKED UP...

KEMP! O'HARA!
AYE, VALEZ! WE'VE BEEN HIDING HERE, ON THE ISLAND, WATCHING YOU DIG! I DELIBERATELY SENT O'HARA TO LURE YOU HERE! I WANTED YOU OUT OF THE WAY FOREVER!

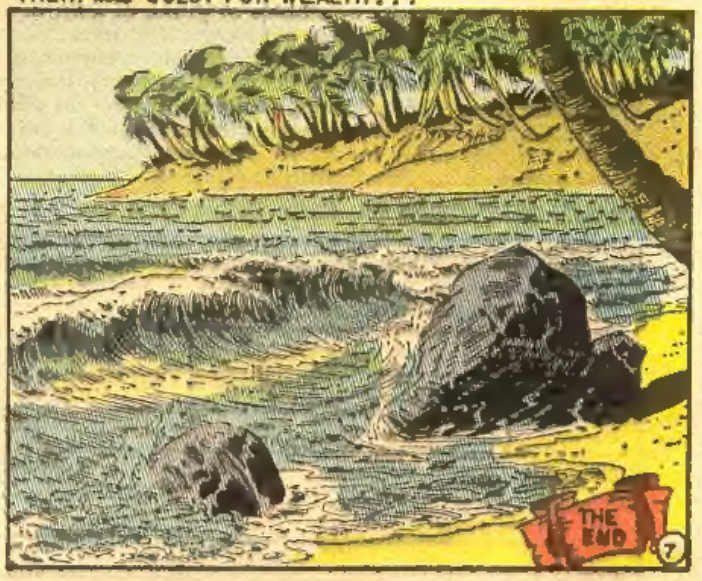
THERE'S NOTHING DOWN THERE BUT YOUR POOR COMRADES, VALEZ! THE TREASURE IS BURIED ELSEWHERE! ALL RIGHT, LADS! START SPADIN'!
V-VALEZ! DO SOMETHING! STOP HIM!

SUDDENLY, VALEZ SWUNG A PICK, KNOCKING OUT A SHORING PLANK...



SUDDENLY, WITH A SICKENING SIGH, AS THE SHORING SUPPORTS COLLAPSED, THE RIM OF EARTH AROUND THE PIT'S MOUTH SANK... CARRYING KEMP AND HIS MEN WITH IT...

A DEEP SILENCE FELL ON PIG ISLAND THEN. THE SEA AND THE WIND POUNDED THE NEARBY SHORE. AND IT SOUNDED AS IF THE SEA AND THE WIND LAUGHED AT THE FRAILITY OF GREEDY MEN WHO DESTROY EACH OTHER IN THEIR MAD QUEST FOR WEALTH...



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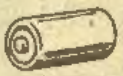

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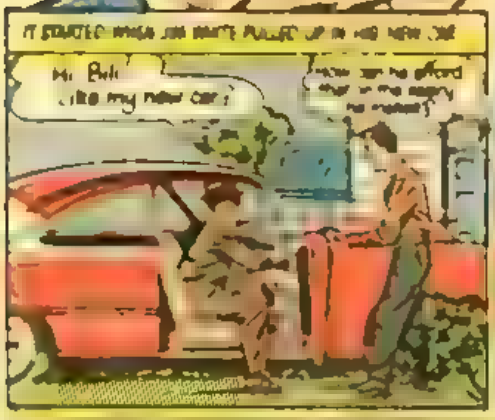

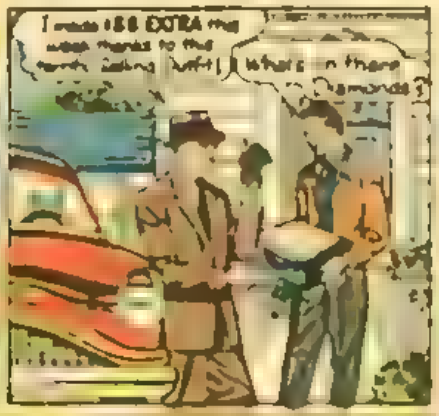

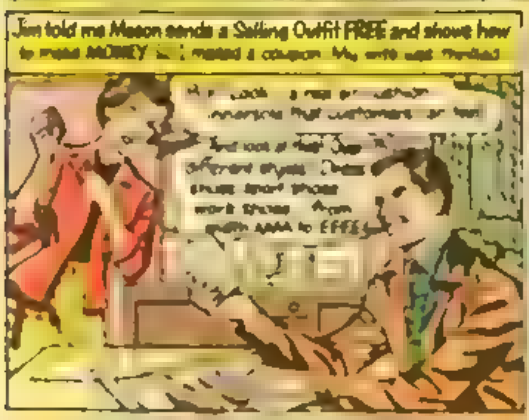

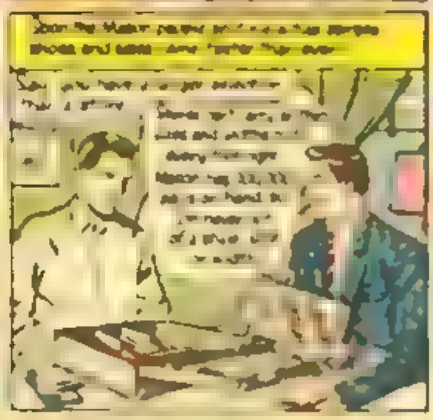

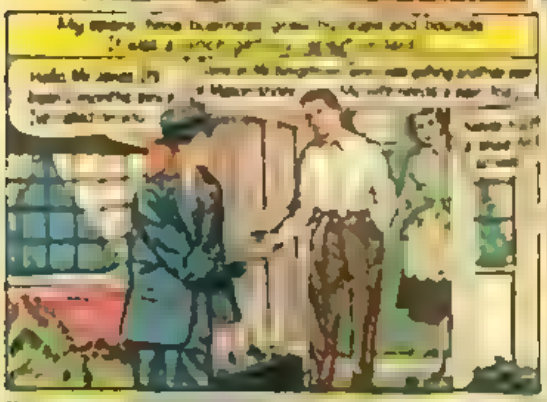

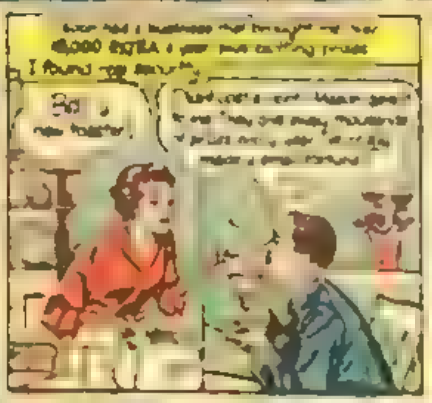

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PROLOGUE

Everything—the long months of training, the waiting—had been only a beginning, leading up to this. But now—it was here. This was it. Andrews shivered a little, despite the oppressive heat in the submarine. He hadn't known it would be—like this.

Andrews was afraid. Afraid of the ten fathoms of water above him, afraid of the torpedo in its cradle which he was helping to load into the bow tube, afraid of the enemy ships above . . .

"Range, mark! Bearing, mark!" The gunnery control officer's voice drifted to him. They'd lined up on an enemy vessel, then. Soon, it would come. The depth charges, the cloying, confined horror of helplessness. There was a sickness in Andrews. A sickness of the mind. It wasn't fair. Human beings were not made to endure such terror.

"Fire one! Fire two!"

Ssh-h-h—Torpedos away!

Andrews sank against a bulkhead. A few moments, now. The enemy's escort would turn, hunt for the killer sub —WHA-ROOM! Off the port bow. That was the first depth charge.

"Blow ballast! Take her down! Eight feet!"

Down, down . . . "No! Let me out!" The words were a silent scream in Andrews' brain. "I can't! I can't stand it! I'm afraid!"

"We've lost them, sir. No screw pickup on sonar."

"They'll be back. Stay on it."

"Yes, sir. Sir—did we get him?"

"The enemy? Yes. Two hits, 'midships."

"Hits! The enemy! Who cares? Let me out! Please—let me out—"

An hour. Two. Two hours of waiting. Two hours of slow death . . .

"All right. They're gone. Take her up."

It was over. On the surface—nothing. Nothing! But—it wouldn't always be like that. Some day there would be an enemy destroyer, or a subchaser.

But now, there was cool, clean air. The crew could come on deck. Andrews could breathe deeply.

"Attention, men." The Commander looked down from the bridge. "I just want you to know that you did a good job. A fine job. That's all."

Andrews turned away. He only half heard when one of his mates spoke to him: "Well, I guess we're ready, eh, Andrews? Pretty soon, we'll be hunting with warheads on our tin fish."

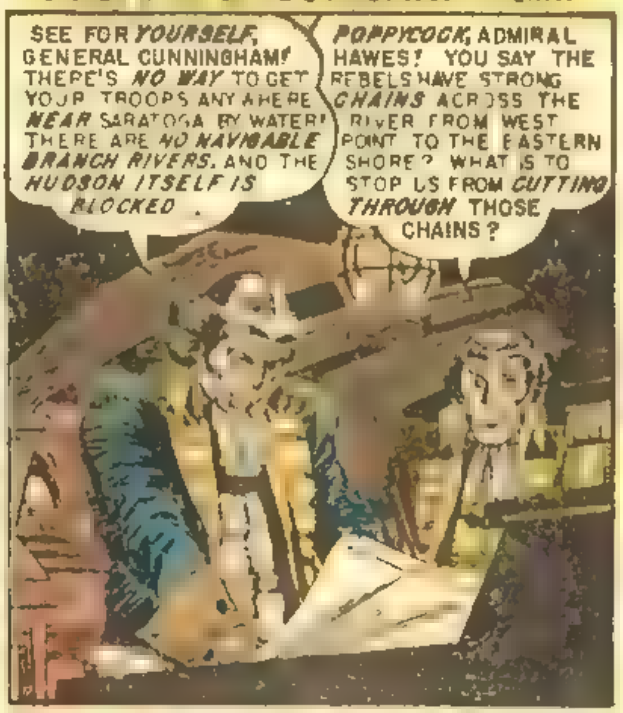
Yes—pretty soon. Andrews leaned his hot forehead against the cool wet metal of the conning tower. It had been—bad. So—bad. He could still taste the sour tang of fear in his throat.

What would it be like? If it was so bad now, if an exercise, a maneuver could be so bad—how would it be later? How would it be when the depth charges were real, when the enemy was real? How? HOW? *HOW?*

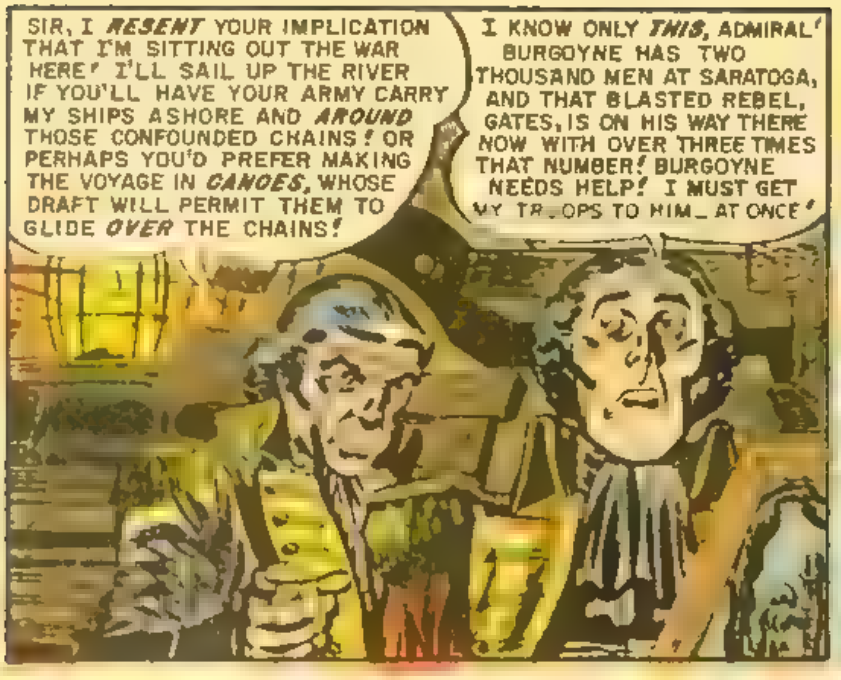
UP THE RIVER

IT WAS A WARM SUMMER NIGHT FILLED WITH THE FAMILIAR SOUNDS OF MID-MANHATTAN. THE WATERS OF THE MUDDY RIVER LAPPED SOFTLY AT THE SHORE. SOMEWHERE, AN OWL SHRIEKED A WARNING, AND A GREY FOX SKITTERED INTO ITS LAIR. FOR THERE WERE MAN-SOUNDS NEARBY. GEORGE ROBERTS, PATRIOT AND FARMER DRAGGED HIS SKIFF FROM ITS HIDING PLACE IN THE WOODS OVER THE STONES TO THE RIVER'S EDGE. HE STOOD FOR A MOMENT, OBSERVING THE BULKY SILHOUETTES OF THE ENEMY FLEET. FIVE GREAT FRIGATES OF HIS MAJESTY'S NAVY, LYING AT ANCHOR IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HUDSON. THEN, ROBERTS FELT INSIDE HIS BUCKSKIN TUNIC, SATISFIED HIMSELF THAT THE PAPER WAS STILL THERE, SHOVED THE SKIFF INTO THE RIVER, HOPPED ABOARD, AND STARTED ROWING INTO IMMORTALITY... ON THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 3, 1777...

AT THAT MOMENT, ABOARD THE BRITISH FLAGSHIP *CROWN*, ADMIRAL EDWARD HAWES AND GENERAL PERCIVAL CUNNINGHAM WERE IN THE CHART ROOM, PORING OVER A MAP OF THE ENTIRE HUDSON AREA...


SEE FOR *YOURSELF*, GENERAL CUNNINGHAM! THERE'S *NO WAY* TO GET YOUR TROOPS ANYWHERE *NEAR* SARATOGA BY WATER! THERE ARE *NO NAVIGABLE BRANCH RIVERS*, AND THE *HUDSON ITSELF IS BLOCKED*.
POPPYCOCK, ADMIRAL HAWES! YOU SAY THE REBELS HAVE STRONG *CHAINS* ACROSS THE RIVER FROM WEST POINT TO THE EASTERN SHORE? WHAT IS TO STOP US FROM *CUTTING THROUGH* THOSE CHAINS?

THEY HAVE *CANNON* ON THE HEIGHTS OVERLOOKING THE RIVER! WE'D BE *SITTING DUCKS*, WAITING FOR THOSE CHAINS TO BE CUT! AND *WHAT CHAINS!* THEY'RE *TREMENDOUS* WITH *ENORMOUS LINKS!* FURTHERMORE, MY MEN WOULD HAVE TO BE *FISH* TO CUT THEM... SINCE THEY HANG *SEVERAL FEET BELOW THE SURFACE!*
THEN DO YOU PROPOSE JUST TO *VACATION HERE* WHILE BURGOYNE AWAITS MY REINFORCEMENTS?


SIR, I *RESENT* YOUR IMPLICATION THAT I'M SITTING OUT THE WAR HERE! I'LL SAIL UP THE RIVER IF YOU'LL HAVE YOUR ARMY CARRY MY SHIPS ASHORE AND *AROUND* THOSE CONFOUNDED CHAINS! OR PERHAPS YOU'D PREFER MAKING THE VOYAGE IN *CANOES*, WHOSE DRAFT WILL PERMIT THEM TO GLIDE *OVER* THE CHAINS!
I KNOW ONLY *THIS*, ADMIRAL! BURGOYNE HAS TWO THOUSAND MEN AT SARATOGA, AND THAT BLASTED REBEL, GATES, IS ON HIS WAY THERE NOW WITH OVER THREE TIMES THAT NUMBER! BURGOYNE NEEDS HELP! I MUST GET MY TROOPS TO HIM—AT ONCE!

SO, WHILE ADMIRAL AND GENERAL ARGUED, A SIMPLE FARMER ROWED STEADILY TOWARD THE FLAGSHIP *CROWN*. NOW, ASHORE, GEORGE ROBERTS COULD SEE THE MYRIAD CAMPFIRES OF THE BRITISH MERCENARIES...

AS GEORGE ROBERTS DREW NEAR THE ANCHORED FRIGATE, THE SOUND OF HIS UNMUFFLED OARS CARRIED TO THE WATCH ABOARD THE *CROWN*...

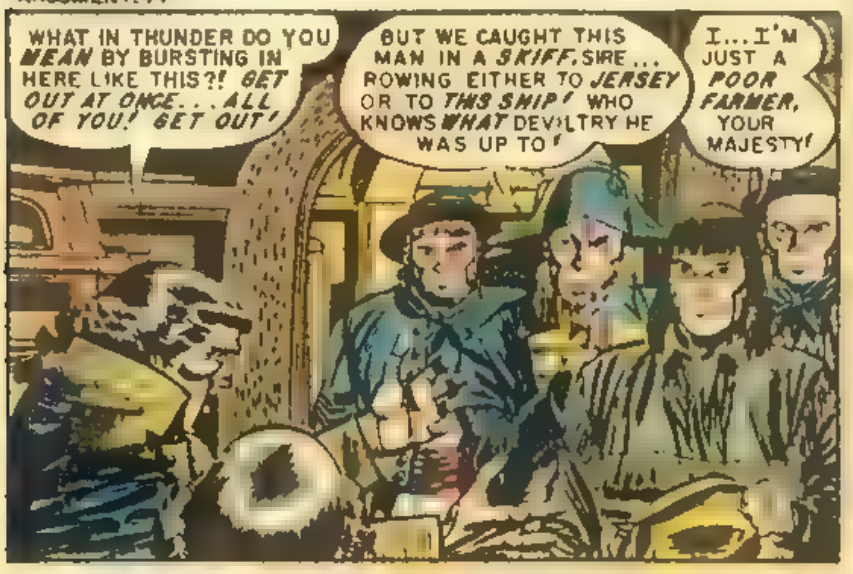
THERE WAS NO ANSWER. THE WATCH REPEATED HIS CHALLENGE. AGAIN THERE WAS NO ANSWER... ONLY THE SOUND OF OARS SQUEALING IN LOCKS. HE FIRED A WARNING SHOT...

A MOMENT LATER, A BOATLOAD OF BRITISH TARS WAS LOWERED, AND THE YANKEE FARMER'S PRESENCE WAS REVEALED TO THEM BY THE LIGHT OF A DOZEN LANTERNS...

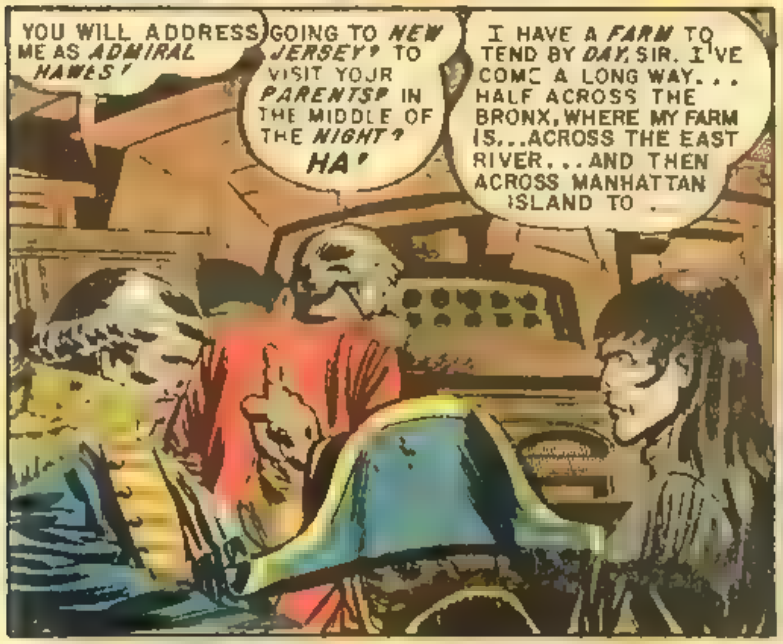
A GRIM FACED ENSIGN HURRIED HIS PRISONER TO THE DECK OF THE *CROWN*...

YOU'LL *SEE* AN ADMIRAL... SOONER THAN YOU *EXPECT*— AND TO YOUR *REGRET*, I'LL WAGER, YANKEE!
NOW, WHAT WOULD AN *ADMIRAL* BE WANTING WITH A *POOR FARMER* SUCH AS I?

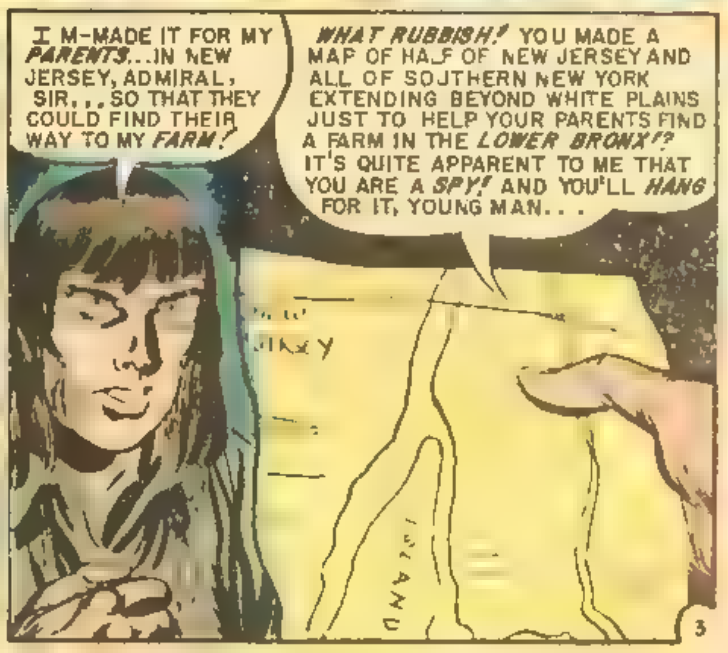
ADMIRAL HAWES AND GENERAL CUNNINGHAM, THEIR FACES STILL SCARLET WITH ANGER, TURNED TO FACE THE INTRUDERS UPON THEIR ARGUMENT...


WHAT IN THUNDER DO YOU *MEAN* BY BURSTING IN HERE LIKE THIS?! *GET OUT AT ONCE... ALL OF YOU! GET OUT!*
BUT WE CAUGHT THIS MAN IN A *SKIFF*, SIRE... ROWING EITHER TO *JERSEY* OR TO *THIS SHIP!* WHO KNOWS *WHAT* DEVILTRY HE WAS UP TO!
I... I'M JUST A *POOR FARMER*, YOUR MAJESTY!

A POOR FARMER, *INDEED!* AND DO YOU DO YOUR *FARMING* IN THE MIDDLE OF THE *HUDSON RIVER?*
AND I WAS ON MY WAY TO *JERSEY* TO VISIT MY FATHER AND MOTHER, YOUR MAJESTY, SIR.


YOU WILL ADDRESS ME AS *ADMIRAL HAWES!*
GOING TO *NEW JERSEY?* TO VISIT YOUR *PARENTS?* IN THE MIDDLE OF THE *NIGHT?* *HA!*
I HAVE A *FARM* TO TEND BY *DAY*, SIR. I'VE COME A LONG WAY... HALF ACROSS THE BRONX, WHERE MY FARM IS... ACROSS THE EAST RIVER... AND THEN ACROSS MANHATTAN ISLAND TO .

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, THE BRITISH OFFICER DISCOVERED THE FOLDED SHEET OF PAPER INSIDE GEORGE ROBERT'S BUCKSKIN TUNIC...

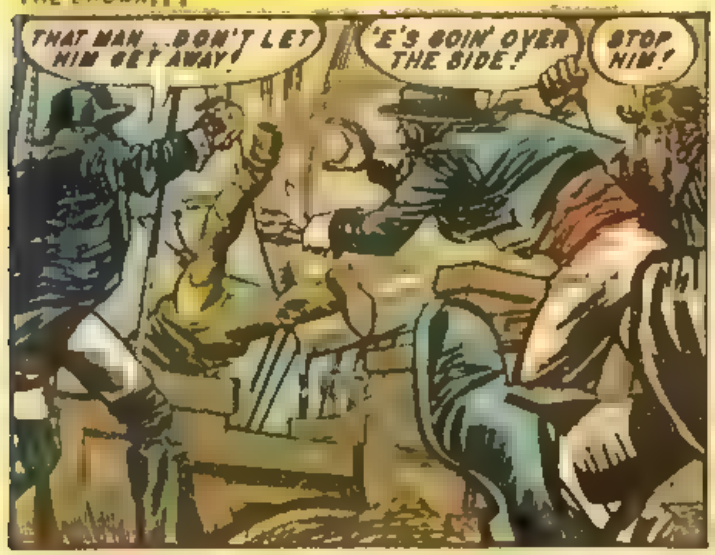

I M-MADE IT FOR MY *PARENTS*... IN NEW JERSEY, ADMIRAL, SIR... SO THAT THEY COULD FIND THEIR WAY TO MY *FARM!*
WHAT RUBBISH! YOU MADE A MAP OF HALF OF NEW JERSEY AND ALL OF SOUTHERN NEW YORK EXTENDING BEYOND WHITE PLAINS JUST TO HELP YOUR PARENTS FIND A FARM IN THE *LOWER BRONX!?* IT'S QUITE APPARENT TO ME THAT YOU ARE A *SPY!* AND YOU'LL *HANG* FOR IT, YOUNG MAN...
ISLAND

THE YANKEE FARMER'S MOVE WAS SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED...

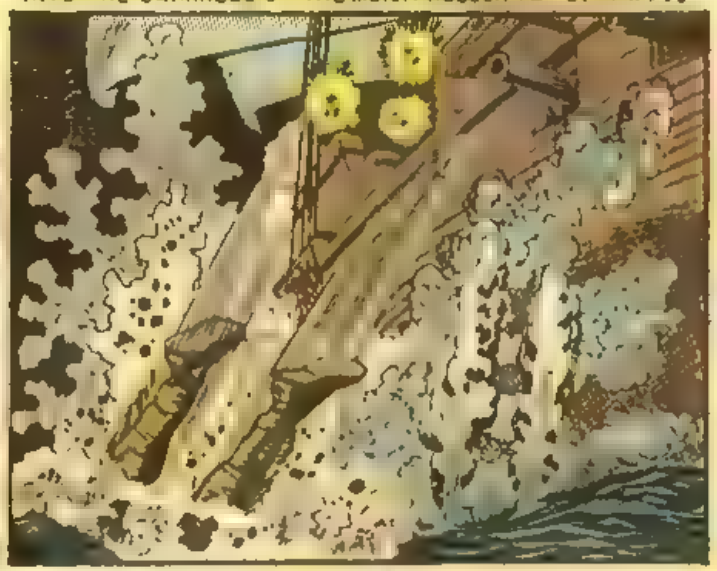
ENSIGN! YOU WILL HOLD HIM FOR TRIAL IN THE MORN...
...UNNNGG!
FORGIVE ME, ADMIRAL, SIR! I HAVE NO DESIRE TO DANGLE AT THE END OF A LENGTH OF BRITISH HEMP!

GENERAL CUNNINGHAM'S HAND WENT TO HIS SWORD AS ROBERTS STRUCK OUT AT ADMIRAL HAWES, WHIRLED, AND CHARGED W TH HIS HEAD LOWERED. THE GUARDS, JUMBLED TOGETHER IN A CONFUSED ATTEMPT TO GET AT THE PRISONER, WERE BOWLED OVER, CARRYING THE GENERAL WITH THEM...

BEFORE THE STUNNED BRITISH OFFICERS AND MEN COULD RECOVER, ROBERTS HAD REACHED THE DECK OF THE CROWN...



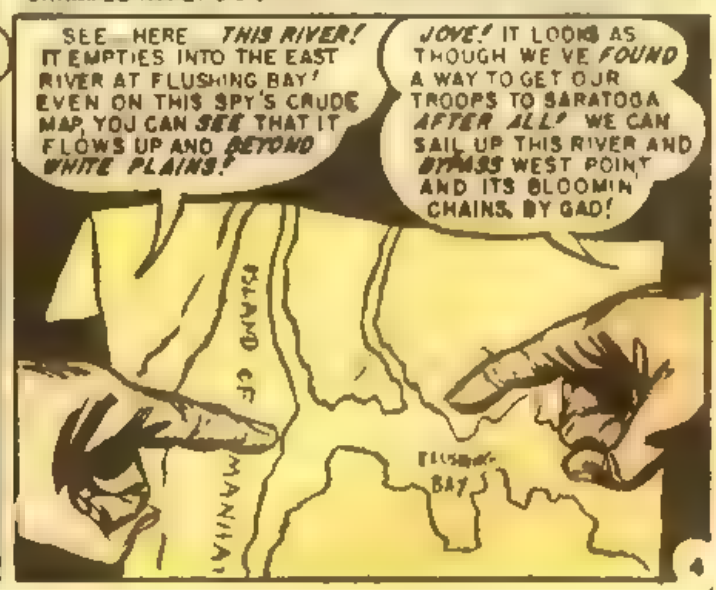
HALF A DOZEN MUSKETS CRACKED AS ROBERTS DOVE INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE MURKY HUDSON FAR BE OW...



GENERAL CUNNINGHAM RETURNED TO THE CHART ROOM, FUMING...

BY GEORGE, I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH BUNGLERS! HAD THEY BEEN MY MEN THAT SCOUNDREL WOULD NEVER HAVE GOTTEN AWAY!
YOU WERE HERE, GENERAL! WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP...? GENERAL! COME LOOK AT THIS MAP!

THE ADMIRAL SPREAD OUT THE CRUDELY DRAWN MAP AND TRACED WITH ANXIOUS FINGER THE WAVY COURSE OF AN UNNAMED RIVER...


SEE HERE THIS RIVER! IT EMPTIES INTO THE EAST RIVER AT FLUSHING BAY! EVEN ON THIS SPY'S CRUDE MAP, YOU CAN SEE THAT IT FLOWS UP AND BEYOND WHITE PLAINS!
JOVE! IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'VE FOUND A WAY TO GET OUR TROOPS TO SARATOGA AFTER ALL! WE CAN SAIL UP THIS RIVER AND BYPASS WEST POINT AND ITS BLOOMIN' CHAINS, BY GAD!
ISLAND OF MANHATTAN
FLUSHING BAY

THE NEXT DAY, FIVE THOUSAND RED-COATED MERCENARYS WERE FERRIED FROM SHORE TO THE WAITING BRITISH FRIGATES. . .

OH, HOW WE'LL *SURPRISE* GENERAL GATES WHEN HE TRIES TO TAKE SARATOGA FROM BURGOYNE! HE'LL FIND *SEVEN THOUSAND* OF HIS MAJESTY'S *FINEST TROOPS* INSTEAD OF THE *TWO THOUSAND* HE *EXPECTS!*

THAT NIGHT, UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, FIVE FRIGATES SAILED SOUTH; AROUND MANHATTAN ISLAND, AND UP THE EAST RIVER. . .

ON THE DECK OF THE *CROWN*, GENERAL CUNNINGHAM LISTENED AS THE CREW OF THE LONGBOAT REPORTED ON THEIR SEARCH FOR THE RIVER MOUTH . . .

WE'VE FOUND IT, SIRE! THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER LIES DIRECTLY NORTH OF FLUSHING BAY. . . *EXACTLY* WHERE THE MAP *INDICATED*. . .

SPLENDID! RETURN TO THE LONGBOAT WITH A *LANTERN* AND *GUIDE OUR WAY*. . .

SOON, HIS MAJESTY'S MIGHTY FRIGATES WERE SAILING IN GHOSTLY SILENCE, FOLLOWING THE BOBBING LIGHT OF THE SMALL LANTERN IN THE LONGBOAT AS IT MOVED ON UP THE BRANCH RIVER. . .

FOR A QUARTER OF AN HOUR OR SO, ALL WENT WELL. THEN, SUDDENLY, THERE CAME A GRINDING SCREECH THAT SHOOK THE FLAGSHIP *CROWN* FROM STEM TO STERN. . .

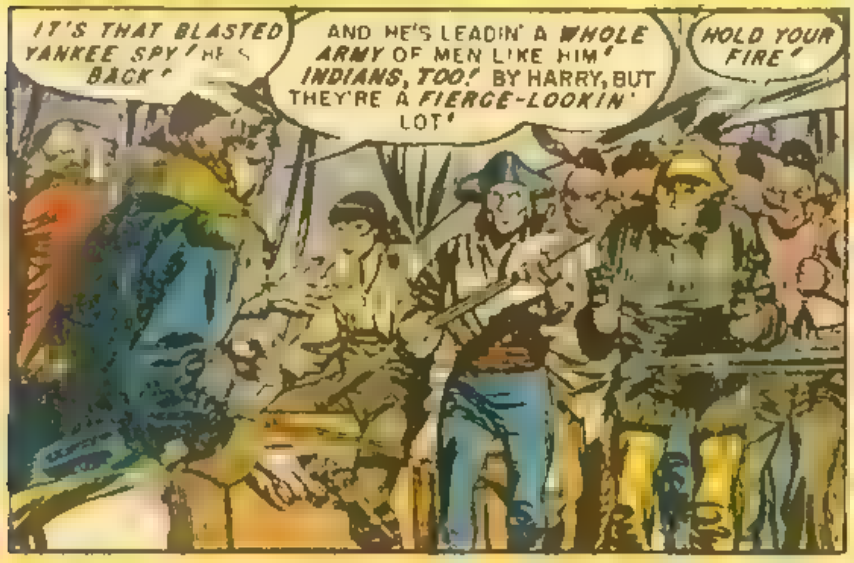
WHAT IN BLAZES IS GOING ON!

WE'VE *RUN AGROUND*, SIRE!

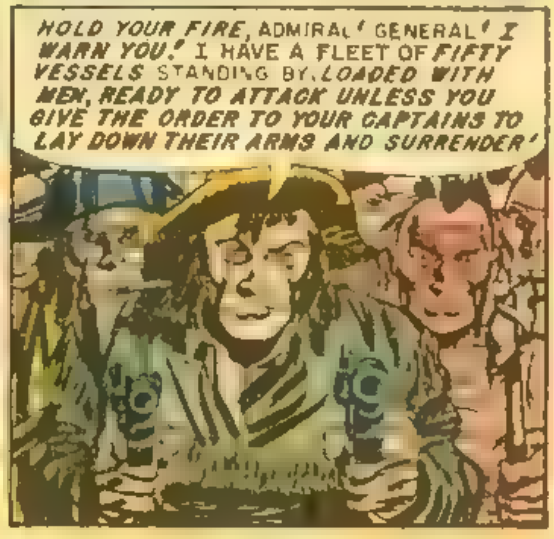
THE BLINKIN' SHIP'S *BOTTOM* IS LIKE I'VE BEEN *TORN OUT!*

IT CAME IN RAPID SUCCESSION AFTER THAT! BEFORE THERE WAS TIME TO WARN THE OTHERS, THE FOUR FRIGATES FOLLOWING PILED UP AGAINST THE *CROWN* AND EACH OTHER WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR. . .

THEN, SUDDENLY, HOARSE CRIES FILLED THE MOONLESS NIGHT. SHADOWY FIGURES CLAMBERED OVER THE GUNWALES AND ONTO THE DECKS OF THE BRITISH MEN-O-WAR .


IT'S THAT BLASTED YANKEE SPY! HE'S BACK!
AND HE'S LEADIN' A WHOLE ARMY OF MEN LIKE HIM! INDIANS, TOO! BY HARRY, BUT THEY'RE A FIERCE-LOOKIN' LOT!
HOLD YOUR FIRE!

THE YANKEE FARMER STOOD ON THE DECK OF THE *CROWN* AND ADDRESSED THE CONFUSED AND SURPRISED BRITISH OFFICERS ON THE QUARTER-DECK...

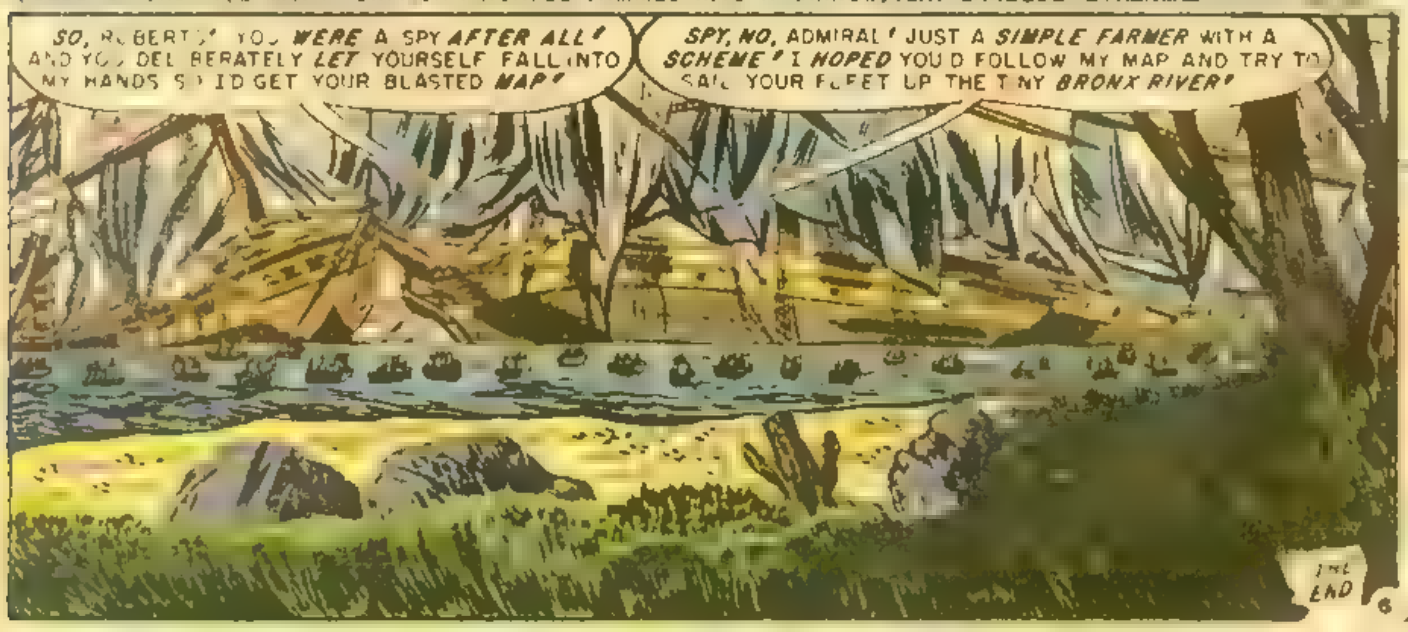

HOLD YOUR FIRE, ADMIRAL/GENERAL! I WARN YOU! I HAVE A FLEET OF FIFTY VESSELS STANDING BY, LOADED WITH MEN, READY TO ATTACK UNLESS YOU GIVE THE ORDER TO YOUR CAPTAINS TO LAY DOWN THEIR ARMS AND SURRENDER!

THE DUMBFOUNDED BRITISH ADMIRAL SHOOK HIS HEAD AND PEERED INTO THE INKY BLACKNESS

THE ORDER WAS GIVEN AND THE RAGGED BAND OF YANKEE FARMERS AND INDIANS QUICKLY DISARMED THE BRITISH MERCENARIES. GENERAL CUNNINGHAM TURNED RED-FACED TO ADMIRAL HAWES...

WELL! YOU CERTAINLY GOT US INTO A BLOODY MESS, HAWES!
OH, SHUT UP, CUNNINGHAM! IT WAS YOU WHO INSISTED WE TRY TO GET YOUR TROOPS TO SARATOGA!

ONLY WITH THE LIGHT OF MORNING DID THE BRITISH OFFICERS SEE FOR THEMSELVES THAT THEY'D BEEN NEATLY TRICKED. FOR GEORGE ROBERT'S FLEET CONSISTED OF FIFTY ROWBOATS AND CANOES, DWARFED BY THE BATTERED HULLS OF THE FIVE MIGHTY BRITISH FRIGATES JAMMED INTO A NARROW, VERY SHALLOW STREAM...


SO, ROBERTS! YOU WERE A SPY AFTER ALL! AND YOU DELIBERATELY LET YOURSELF FALL INTO MY HANDS SO I'D GET YOUR BLASTED MAP!
SPY, NO, ADMIRAL! JUST A SIMPLE FARMER WITH A SCHEME! I HOPED YOU'D FOLLOW MY MAP AND TRY TO SAIL YOUR FLEET UP THE TINY BRONX RIVER!
THE END

JOHN'S REWARD

JOHN TABOR WAS HONEST, EARNEST, AND A GOOD FISHERMAN WITH A GOOD HEART. BUT JOHN TABOR'S LOT WAS A VERY *UNHAPPY* ONE! NOT THAT HE DIDN'T *ENJOY* FISHING. FISHING WAS HIS *LIFE!* IT WAS HIS *WIFE, ANNIE*. HER TONGUE WAS HIS CONSTANT CRITICISM. HER VERBAL ARROWS WERE THE BANE OF HIS EXISTENCE. THE POINT WHERE JOHN AND ANNIE CREATED PERFECT HAVOC IN THEIR HOME WAS ANNIE'S VICIOUS INSULTS ESPECIALLY WHEN THE CATCH WAS LIGHT AS IT WAS THIS TRIP.

SHE'LL CHEW YOUR *HEAD* OFF, JOHN!

I *KNOW!* I HAVE NOT MADE *EXPENSES* THIS MONTH!

WHY DON'T YOU PUT *EAR-PLUGS* IN YOUR EARS, MY SON? YOUR DAD ALWAYS DOES WHEN *HIS* WIFE YELLS AT HIM!

I'VE *TRIED THAT,* DANNY! ANNIE TAKES THEM *OUT*...

WHEN MY ANNIE WANTS TO BE HEARD THE *DEAD* CAN HEAR HER! I WILL JUST HAVE TO GET USED TO IT, I GUESS.

IT AIN'T *FAIR!* YOU AIN'T HAD A BITE ALL DAY SMALL AS THAT'S *FISHERMAN'S LUCK!*

YOU KNOW IT, DANNY! AND I KNOW IT, BUT *ANNIE* DON'T KNOW IT! SHE WANTS THE MONEY IN HER *HANDS* AND *NO EXCUSES!*

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AS JOHN TABORI'S FISHING BOAT NOSED INTO THE SMALL COASTAL VILLAGE HARBOR...

I AND THE BOYS WERE *TALKIN'*, JOHN! YOU ARE IN *DEBT* OVER YOUR EARS! THE COLLEANO BROTHERS CAN TAKE YOUR BOAT AWAY *ANY* TIME! *SKIP* A COUPLE OF WEEK'S *WAGES*, JOHN. *WE* WILL MANAGE...

THANKS, PEDRO... BUT *NO!* *YOU* BOYS ARE UP AGAINST IT, *TOO!*

NO! *MY* BURDENS SHOULDN'T BE TRANSFERRED TO *YOUR* BACKS! YOU WILL *GET* YOUR PAY...NO MATTER *WHAT* THE CATCH! HMMM! THERE SHE *IS*...*WAITING!* SHE'LL PROBABLY *COUNT EVERY FISH!*

SHE IS *YOUR WIFE*, JOHN . BUT *I* DO NOT KNOW HOW YOU CAN *STAND* HER!

ANNIE WAS SILENT AS THE CREW TIED UP HER HUSBAND'S BOAT. SHE WAS SILENT AS JOHN GREETED HER AND KISSED HER COLD CHEEK. BUT THEN, FINALLY, WHEN THE FISH WERE BEING UNLOADED.

YOU CALL THIS A *CATCH?* I COULD PUT IT ALL IN A *SARDINE CAN!* YOU CALL YOURSELF A *FISHERMAN?* YOU'RE A *FOOL!* A *BLUNDERER!* A *PAUPER!*

THE FISH HAVE NOT BEEN *RUNNING STRONG* LATELY! *NOBODY* KNOWS *WHY!* IF THE FISH ARE NOT *THERE*, YOU CANNOT *CATCH* THEM!

THERE'S ONE REASON WHY YOU CAN'T CATCH FISH! *HIM!* A *ONE-ARMED SAILOR!*

ANNIE! BE QUIET! CARLO IS...

AND EDGAR ..A HALF-WIT WITH THE BRAIN OF A CHILD! AND PEDRO... AN OLD MAN FALLING APART AT THE SEAMS! AND DANNY ... A CHILD! WHAT A CREW! IT'S A WONDER YOU CATCH *ANYTHING* WITH THEM!

ANNIE! I *TOLD* YOU TO *BE STILL!*

YOU *KNOW* WHY I HIRE THEM! NOBODY *ELSE* WILL GIVE THEM *WORK!* YET *DESPITE* THEIR HANDICAPS, THEY DO A *FINE JOB!* AND THE BOY

LOOK WHO'S BEING *CHARITABLE!* HALF-WAY TO THE POOR-HOUSE *YOURSELF* AND YOU'RE PLAYING *SANTA CLAUS!*

THIS CREW IS A *DISGRACE!* YOU'LL GO *BROKE* UNLESS YOU GET *RID* OF THESE... THESE . . .

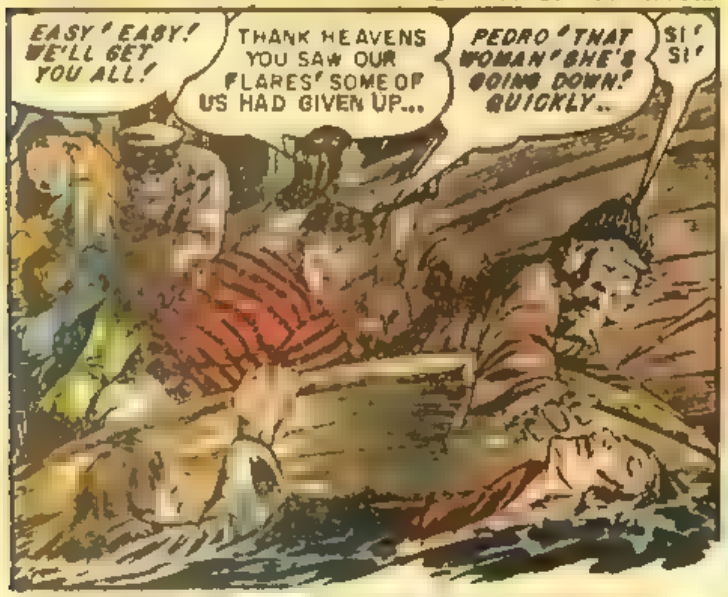
PAY NO ATTENTION TO HER, CARLO!

EVERYBODY CHEATS YOU AND TAKES ADVANTAGE OF YOU! THERE'S PUTTY WHERE YOUR SPINE SHOULD BE! WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO SUFFER ON YOUR ACCOUNT! I'M NOT GOING TO WALK AROUND IN RAGS! I WANT MONEY! FUN! VACATIONS! A HOUSE TO LIVE IN... INSTEAD OF A TWO ROOM DUMP...
SHE'S AT IT AGAIN, EH, JOHN?
HEY, JOHN! WHY DON'T YOU GIVE HER WHAT SHE WANTS! THAT'S JUST EVERYTHING! HAW...
YOU SEE!? THEY LAUGH AT ME! I'M THE LAUGHING STOCK OF TOWN! WELL, I WON'T STAND FOR IT! YOU'RE GOING TO GET RID OF THAT CREW! YOU'RE GOING TO FISH OTHER WATERS! YOU'RE GOING TO BRING BACK FULL LOCKERS!
SHE FOLLOWED JOHN, CRITICIZING, INSULTING... EVEN INTO THE WHOLESALER'S OFFICE....
DON'T LET HIM CHEAT YOU! YOU SAID CATCHES WERE SMALL EVERYWHERE! FISH SHOULD BE SCARCE! HIS PRICE SHOULD BE HIGH!
IT ISN'T, MRS. TABORI! THEY'RE MAKING BIG CATCHES DOWN THE COAST!
NAME YOUR PRICE, LEWIS! YOU'VE ALWAYS DEALT FAIRLY WITH ME!
YOU TAKE HIS WORD FOR IT!? YOU FOOL! HOW DO YOU KNOW HE ISN'T LYING? HE COULD STEAL THE HAIR FROM YOUR STUPID HEAD!
PLEASE, ANNIE! YOUR PRICE, MR. LEWIS
JOHN! YOU HAVE THE PATIENCE OF A SAINT!
AND THAT NIGHT...
IT'S MR. COLLEANO! HE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU... ABOUT YOUR BOAT! YOU'VE PROBABLY LOST IT!
COULD BE, MRS. TABORI! WELL, JOHN? DO YOU HAVE THE BACK PAYMENTS YOU OWE ME?
N-NOT YET, MR. COLLEANO!
THE CATCHES HAVE BEEN POOR, MR. COLLEANO! BUT MY LUCK HAS TO CHANGE! GIVE ME A LITTLE MORE TIME! ANOTHER MONTH...
A MONTH!? ONE MORE WEEK I'LL GIVE YOU! FAIL TO PAY ME WHAT YOU OWE ME BY NEXT FRIDAY AND I TAKE THE BOAT!
I KNEW THIS WAS COMING! I KNEW IT! YOU LISTEN TO ME, JOHN TABORI. LOSE THAT BOAT AND YOU LOSE ME! I WON'T BE THE WIFE OF A PAUPER!
SUIT YOURSELF, ANNIE! I'M TIRED OF BEING THREATENED! MAKE YOURSELF HAPPY ANY WAY YOU KNOW HOW!

AND SO, IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED...
ANOTHER SMALL CATCH, JOHN! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE COLLEANO'S BACK PAYMENTS!
MAYBE TOMORROW WILL BE BETTER...
BUT THE NEXT DAY...AND THE NEXT...
EVEN LESS THAN LAST TIME! WON'T COLLEANO GIVE YOU AN EXTENSION OF TIME?
SMALL CHANCE OF THAT, DANNY! IF I FORFEIT PAYMENT THIS TIME, HE GETS THE BOAT! MAYBE TOMORROW...
TOMORROW CAME...AND WITH IT...A DENSE FOG...
JOHN! QUICK! GIVE US A HAND! THE NETS ARE HEAVY!
WE CAN HARDLY LIFT THEM!
MAYBE WE'VE GOT THAT BIG STRIKE, JOHN!
L-LET US HOPE...
WHAT IS IT, CARLO? WHAT DO YOU SEE?
SANTA MARIA! WHAT BAD LUCK YOU HAVE, JOHN! THE NETS ARE FULL OF DEBRIS! FLOATING DEBRIS! L-LET THE NETS . GO!
MAYBE YOUR WIFE IS RIGHT, JOHN! MAYBE WE ARE NO GOOD FOR YOU! YOU HAVE HAD NO LUCK SINCE YOU HIRED US!
THAT'S RIGHT, JOHN! WE ARE JONAHS! WE JINX YOU! BETTER WE DO NOT SAIL...
NONSENSE! YOU SAIL WITH ME! ALL OF YOU!
NO, JOHN! A SAILOR WITH ONE ARM...AN OLD SEA DOG... A WITLESS ONE AT THE WHEEL...A BOY WHO KNOWS NOTHING OF THE SEA... WE CAN ONLY HELP YOU FAIL!
STOW IT! I WILL NOT HEAR FOOLISHNESS! YOU ARE MY CREW! NO CAPTAIN HAS A BETTER ONE! IF I MUST FAIL, I ACCEPT FAILURE WITH HAPPY HEART! NO MORE SUCH TALK!
THEN . THAT NIGHT AS THE FOG THINNED
I...I CANNOT BELIEVE MY EYES!
IT IS A CATCH OF CATCHES, JOHN!
I...I SEE! I SEE! IT IS UNBELIEVABLE!

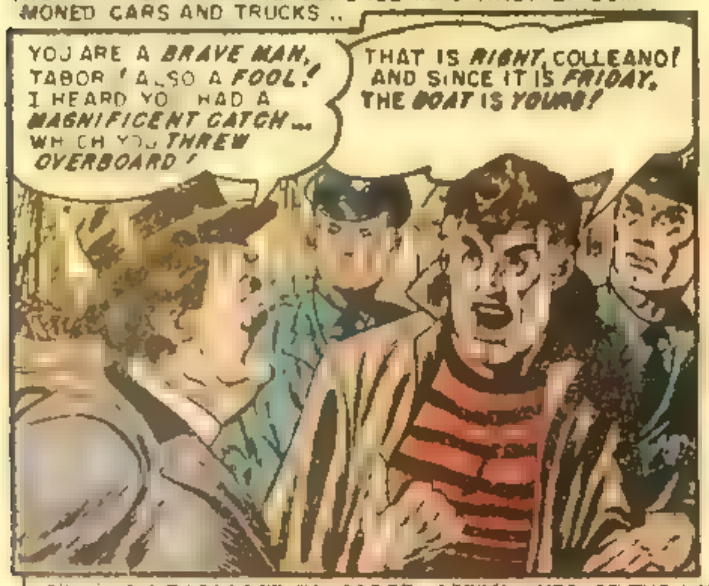
SUDDENLY, THE NETS WERE FULL! BRIM FULL! AND THEY KEPT COMING UP THAT WAY! EVEN HOURS LATER, THE EXHAUSTED MEN WERE PULLING UP SHIMMERING, SILVERY TONS OF FISH
IT...IT IS UNBELIEVABLE, ALL RIGHT! WE ARE SO LOW IN THE WATER, WE ARE PRACTICALLY A RAFT!
YOU ARE GOING TO MAKE IT, JOHN! YOU'LL GET ENOUGH MONEY FROM THIS CATCH TO KEEP COLLEANO MORE THAN SATISFIED!
THANK THE GOOD LORD! IT LOOKS THAT WAY, DOESN'T IT?
THEN, HIGH INTO THE MISTY NIGHT SKY, A LIGHT ROCKETED AND ANOTHER.
LOOK! VERY LIGHTS! DISTRESS SIGNALS!
A BOAT IS IN TROUBLE!
HAUL UP THE NETS! MAKE FOR IT! HURRY!
AS JOHN TABORI'S FISHING BOAT APPROACHED THE SCENE...
IT IS A SMALL LINER! IT HAS HIT A DERELICT! IT IS GOING DOWN! THE WATER IS FULL OF PEOPLE!
LUCKY FOR THEM WE WERE NEARBY! QUICKLY! BRING HER IN CLOSE... TO PICK UP SURVIVORS!
NO, JOHN! WE CAN'T! THERE RE AT LEAST SIXTY-SEVENTY PEOPLE IN THE WATER! WE ARE RIDING LOW NOW! WE CANNOT TAKE ON MORE WEIGHT! THE CATCH...
THEN DUMP THE CATCH! WE MUST PICK UP THOSE PEOPLE!
B-BUT WHAT ABOUT COLLEANO? THE BOAT?
HANG COLLEANO! HANG THE BOAT! PEOPLE ARE DROWNING OUT THERE WHILE WE ARGUE! DUMP THE CATCH! NOW! THAT'S AN ORDER, PEDRO!
SI, JOHN! SI! DANNY! EDGAR! CARLO! GIVE A HAND HERE!
WORKING FEVERISHLY, THE CREW OF JOHN TABORI'S FISHING BOAT JETTISONED TONS OF FISH INTO THE HEAVING SEA...
YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, JOHN!?
IT MEANS WE WILL HAVE ROOM FOR THE SURVIVORS! FASTER! WORK FASTER! PEDRO! LOWER THE DINGHY! START BRINGING THEM ABOARD...
5

WITH THE CATCH DUMPED, A NEW CATCH WAS TAKEN ABOARD... A CATCH OF FRIGHTENED EXHAUSTED HUMANITY...

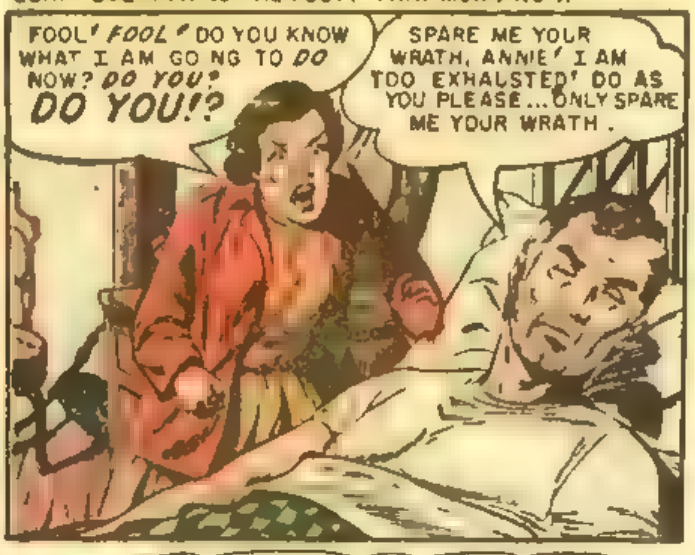

EASY! EABY! WE'LL GET YOU ALL!
THANK HEAVENS YOU SAW OUR FLARES! SOME OF US HAD GIVEN UP...
PEDRO! THAT WOMAN! SHE'S GOING DOWN! QUICKLY..
SI! SI!

FOR AN HOUR THE CREW OF THE LITTLE FISHING VESSEL WORKED LIKE DEMONS...JOHN TABORI LIKE TEN DEMONS... REPEATEDLY RISKING HIS LIFE UNTIL ONCE AGAIN THE BOAT RODE LOW IN THE WATER WITH THANKFUL SURVIVORS

THEN JOHN TURNED HIS BOAT AROUND AND HEADED FOR HOME. LATER, ON THE DOCK, AS THE SURVIVORS WERE TAKEN OFF AND USHERED INTO HASTILY SUMMONED CARS AND TRUCKS ..


YOU ARE A BRAVE MAN, TABORI ALSO A FOOL! I HEARD YOU HAD A MAGNIFICENT CATCH... WHICH YOU THREW OVERBOARD!
THAT IS RIGHT, COLLEANO! AND SINCE IT IS FRIDAY, THE BOAT IS YOURS!

WHEN THE FINAL COUNT CAME IN, SEVENTY-SEVEN PEOPLE OWED THEIR LIVES TO JOHN TABORI. BUT JOHN HAD LOST EVERYTHING. HIS FISH, HIS HEALTH... HIS BOAT! EVERYTHING? ALMOST! THAT MORNING ..


FOOL! FOOL! DO YOU KNOW WHAT I AM GOING TO DO NOW? DO YOU? DO YOU!?
SPARE ME YOUR WRATH, ANNIE! I AM TOO EXHAUSTED! DO AS YOU PLEASE... ONLY SPARE ME YOUR WRATH.

LATER, A NEWSPAPER REPORTER, ASTONISHED AT THE UNHAPPY OUTCOME OF JOHN TABORI'S HEROISM, TURNED TO HIS FRIEND, PEDRO, AND SHOOK HIS HEAD...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE MAN! HE SHOULD BE BITTER! HE'S LOST HIS BOAT...HIS CATCH...EVERYTHING! WHEN I ASKED HIM IF HE EXPECTS A REWARD, HE BURST OUT LAUGHING! IS HE MAD?
MAD?! NO, MY FRIEND! JOHN TABORI IS NOT MAD! HE IS HAPPY! VERY HAPPY! HE HAS ALREADY RECEIVED HIS REWARD!

SEE HOW HE SMILES? JOHN TABORI HAS RECEIVED THE REWARD OF REWARDS! HIS WIFE HAS LEFT HIM!

THE END

SCUTTLEBUTT

Dear Editors,
Please, don't let your comic become common place. Let it stay on top.

Dennis Rullo
Astoria, N. Y.

...Krigstein is really getting good.

Mike Ollveri
Washington, D. C.

...Now is the time for me to set sail for parts unknown!...namely the kitchen. I'm hungry!

Kenn Curtis
Cincinnati, Ohio

...Egad. I rolled up an issue of PIRACY, put it up to my ear, and heard the sea. I really did. Omigosh! Egads!! Wow!

Danny Skartvedt
Eldora, Iowa

Not too soon after you eat, Danny...you'll get cramps.—ed

...I think your new mag PIRACY is great. But why not have some stories about the first ships to go to the Arctic and the North Pole, and the advenchures they had.

James Wasenda
Cleveland, Ohio

Chure, maybe we will, Jim!—ed.

...I would like a PIRACY story about Pirate Ships on the coast of England attacking English ships that are going to the United States. And the King of England says to send English ships to take them away. While the ships are on the coast, the pirates sneak into England.

Richard Jones
Green Ridge, Pa.

Well!!!—a.

...Received PIRACY No. 5 today, and thoroughly enjoyed it. PIRACY has rapidly evolved into a top-notch mag. In fact, it is second only to I.S.F. in my opinion. A plea. I would really enjoy seeing you publish a story about the first World War's submarines. I imagine your other readers would like this idea too. I believe Charles Nordhoff's "The Derelict" would be an excellent source.

Jack Promo
Detroit, Mich.

...WOW!

James Current
Brooklyn, N. Y.

...I think it is a great idea to bring back the votes on the stories. Please, please take votes again! You'll get a lot more letters, too. Anyway, here are my votes on PIRACY No. 5. First Place: *The Keg*, by George Evans. Second Place: *Salvage*, by Bernie Krigstein. Third Place: *Jean Lafitte*, by Reed Crandall. Fourth Place: *Rag Doll*, by Graham Ingels. As is traditional, the text comes in last: *Breakers on the Shore*.

Billy Meyers
ECFA No. 5513
Chattanooga, Tenn.

...Concerning your votes on stories, I think you should revive them. My voting goes: 1) *Jean Lafitte;* 2) *The Keg;* 3) *Rag Doll;* and 4) *Salvage*. Krigstein's cover was great.

Stephen Wittmer
Ponca City, Okla.

...PIRACY No. 5 was fine. As can be expected from you. My vote for first place goes to *Jean Lafitte*. Second is *The Keg*. Third is *Salvage*. And last, *The Rag Doll*. In my opinion, PIRACY is one of the best mags you publish.

Jerry Neuffer
Chicago, Ill.

...Yes, bring back the votes. I'll vote for *The Keg* first; *Rag Doll*, second; *Salvage*, third; and *Jean Lafitte*, last.

Greg Nedblake
Kansas City, Mo.

Totals of all the votes cast show the winner to be George Evans with his masterful "The Keg." *Second place goes to Reed Crandall for* "Jean Lafitte." *Third by a hair is Krigstein with* "Salvage," *and last is Ingels with* "Rag Doll."*—ed.*

...I didn't like "Rag Doll" very much because of its screwy ending. "Rag Doll" was a very stupid story!

Roy Lauzzana
Detroit, Mich.

Awright, already.—ed.

...My votes for the best five stories yet printed in PIRACY are: Issue No. 1—*The Privateer;* Issue No. 2—*A Fitting End;* Issue No. 3—*Nazi U-Boat;* Issue No. 4—*Pirate Master;* and Issue No. 5—*The Keg.*

Don Schuhmacher
Brooklyn, N. Y.

You know, nobody's yet voted on the print job. Which page of this magazine do you think is printed the nicest? Send your votes along with letters of praise or condemnation to:

The Seasick Editors
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By L. LOWELL WILKIN

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Let me tell you right here, before I go any further, that you do not need to take my word for this. I will have a number of people write direct to you themselves and tell you how delighted and pleased they are with the work. Mrs. J. B. Weaver of Ohio says, "I earned a beautiful Plymouth Deluxe 4-Door Sedan, in 4½ months and only worked *part time!*" Chas. Mills of Minn., wrote that he earned as high as $120 in one week and he has received two new cars as bonuses. *I can furnish you a car, too.* I actually give new Fords, Plymouths and Chevrolets to producers as a bonus *in addition to your regular earnings!* If you have just some spare time you can earn a nice weekly sum of extra money and get a car, too, in only a short time.

You don't need to have a good education; I have taken factory hands, clerks, housewives, miners, farm hands and men and women from all walks of life and started them without a *minute's previous experience.* No investment in stock is required. Wesley Coleman wrote: "You can't imagine the thrill it gives me to earn a new car in less than three months." J. Marier of New York also got a brand new Plymouth as a bonus in less than three months.

Perhaps you are wondering how these people make so much money. You know that *holes, snags, and runs* are constantly ruining Nylon hosiery causing tremendous expense and utter disgust to millions of women. Then imagine the most sheer and beautiful Nylons which will give such long wear that we can definitely *guarantee they will be replaced* with new hosiery *free* if they do not wear without holes, snags or runs, up to 9 months time, depending upon the number of pairs. This is a most *remarkable opportunity* for you to make money, just showing samples of our Nylons to friends and neighbors, explaining the guarantee, and mailing in the orders they will give you.

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Simply mail coupon below. The complete details of my proposition will be sent to you FREE, so that you can judge for yourself what easy and big cash profits you can make either in your spare time of full time. *Please state the size of hose you wear.* Don't fail to get full details immediately before someone else in your locality does! If you want *an extra big cash income,* let me show you how easy it is to get it. Mail the coupon or send a postcard right away.

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TEMPTATION

THE M/MOSA WAS A PACKET SHIP OUT OF CHARLESTON SOUTH CAROLINA STOPPING AT PORTS OF CALL ALONG THE COAST IT THEN CARRIED CARGO AND PASSENGERS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC TO LIVERPOOL ENGLAND THE M/MOSA'S CAPTAIN WAS AN EXPERIENCED SEAMAN NAMED HERMAN OLVER HIS CHIEF MATE A CREW SEAGOING NAMED EDWARD HOLDER TOGETHER WITH OFFICERS AND CREWMEN SAILED THE M/MOSA PAST MANY A TREACHEROUS REEF AND THROUGH MANY A RAGING STORM BUT THIS TRIP THE M/MOSA FACED A NEW AND DIFFERENT HAZARD NOT THE KIND THAT LAY IN THE SEA BUT THE KIND THAT LAY IN THE HEARTS OF MEN THE HAZARD LAY ABOARD THE M/MOSA IN THE FORM OF $2 000 000 WORTH OF GOLD AND JEWELS
WELL I WAS WONDERIN' WHAT ALL THE SECRECY WAS ABOUT GOLD AND GEMS, EH? YOU AREN'T A MAN TO STORE THIS CARGO IN THE HOLD, ARE YOU CAPN?
CHILDERS I'VE TOLD YOU A HUNDRED TIMES KNOCK BEFORE YOU ENTER MY CABIN!
THEN START LOCKIN' THE DOOR, CAPN' I WOULD IF I WAS CARRYIN THIS STUFF IN MY CABIN! IT'S THE KIND OF THINGS MEN BREAK DOWN DOORS FOR!
WHAT YOU SEE MUST GO NO FURTHER THAN THIS CABIN, CHILDERS! THE CREW MUST KNOW NOTHING OF THIS!
DON'T WORRY, SKIPPER! MUMS THE WORD! HOW MUCH IS THE STUFF WORTH! A HALF A MILLION? A MILLION!
CLOSER TO TWO MILLION, CHILDERS! IT'S GOING TO BE STORED HERE IN MY BULLION ROOM TILL IT'S DELIVERED TO A BANK IN LONDON!

THAT SO!? YOU MEAN YOU AIN'T GONNA SET A COURSE FOR THE SOUTH SEAS AN' GET LOST, CAP'N?
I DON'T LIKE THAT KIND OF TALK, MR CHILDERS EVEN IN JEST!
MR APPLETON, HERE, IS A CHARLESTON BANKER, CHILDERS! TS HIS SHIPMENT!
NOT MINE, CAPTAIN DOVER! IT'S THE BANK'S! AND I DON T LIKE A CYNICAL ATTITUDE TOWARD THE BANK'S MONEY! CYNICISM BREEDS CARELESSNESS! AND CARELESSNESS MAKES MISTAKES!
I I WAS ONLY KIDDIN', MR APPLETON! I KE YOU SAID IN JEST!
"$2,000,000 IS NOTH NG TO JEST ABOUT! IF I D DN'T KNOW CAPTA N DOVER PERSONALLY, AS A PRECISE, UTTERLY TRUST-WORTHY PERSON, I WOULD NOT ALLOW THE MINOSA TO CARRY TH S SHIPMENT! GOOD-DAY!
SET YOUR MIND AT EASE, MR APPLETON! REST ASSURED TH S SHIPMENT WILL BE DELIVERED SAFELY!
"HOW STUPID CAN YOU BE, CH LDERS?! YOU GAVE APPLETON THE IMPRESSION THAT YOU ARE A ROGUE, CAPABLE OF ANYTHING! HE MIGHT THINK THE SAME OF MY ENTIRE CREW!
LET HIM! HE'S GOT NO SENSE OF HUMOR!
"BUT YOU WEREN'T FOOLING, CHILDERS! YOU WOULD BE HAPPY TO GRAB OFF TH S TREASURE AND HEAD FOR PARTS UNKNOWN! AND THERE ARE MANY IN THE CREW LIKE YOU!
$2,000,000 IS A GREAT TEMPTATION, CAP'N! SOME MEN WOULD DO ALMOST ANYTHIN' FOR THAT K'ND OF MONEY! BETTER GUARD IT WELL!
IT WAS A VERY SOBER CAPTAIN DOVER WHO LOCKED AND BOLTED THE FORTUNE INTO THE BULLION ROOM ADJOIN NG H S CAB N. LATER...
KEEP OUT
AND IT WAS A TROUBLED CAPTAIN DOVER WHO WATCHED THE MINOSA BEING LOADED. H S MIND WAS ELSEWHERE LOCKED UP BELOW WITH $2,000 (( ) N GOLD AN JEWELS...

FINALLY, THE *MIMOSA* SET SAIL. BUT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS CAREER, CAPTAIN DOVER TOOK NO INTEREST IN THE ACTIVITIES ABOARD. HE WAS A MAN WITH FEAR IN HIS HEART...

CHILDERS DOESN'T DECEIVE *ME!* HE'S THINKING OF THAT *SHIPMENT!* HE'S DOING HIS *JOB* ALL RIGHT, BUT I KNOW HIM *WELL!* HIS *GREED'S* AROUSED!

AS THE *MIMOSA* STOPPED AT HER PORTS OF CALL ALONG THE COAST, SCARCELY A DAY PASSED THAT HIS FIRST MATE DIDN'T CONFIRM CAPTAIN DOVER'S SUSPICIONS...

HOW'S OUR *CARGO* DOIN', CAP'N? DO YOU *COUNT* IT EVERY NIGHT TO MAKE SURE IT'S *ALL THERE?*

IT'S ALL THERE, CHILDERS... AND IT'S GOING TO *STAY* THERE! BETTER KEEP YOUR MIND ON YOUR WORK! ALL YOUR DREAMS CAN'T WISH IT INTO YOUR POCKET!

THEN, STRANGE ACCIDENTS BEGAN TO BEFALL THE *MIMOSA*.

LOOK OUT! THE NET'S SPLIT!

THE *CREW* [illegible] THAT *MONEY!* IT'S PUT A *JINX* ON US!

DON'T BE *RIDICULOUS!* AN *ACCIDENT* IS AN *ACCIDENT!* GET [illegible]

BUT THE "ACCIDENTS" KEPT HAPPENING! AT THE *MIMOSA'S* THIRD PORT OF CALL...

RUN! SHE'S RIPPIN' AWAY PART O' THE WHARF!

ANOTHER ACCIDENT, CAP'N? AREN'T YOU GETTIN' *NERVOUS* ABOUT THESE SO-CALLED ACCIDENTS?

STOP NEEDLING ME, CHILDERS! I'M *ENTITLED* TO ONE MISTAKE IN TWENTY YEARS OF SEA [illegible] ABOUT YOUR [illegible]

BUT THE [illegible] FROM [illegible] THE [illegible] WITH [illegible] MISTAKE WEATHER, THE [illegible]

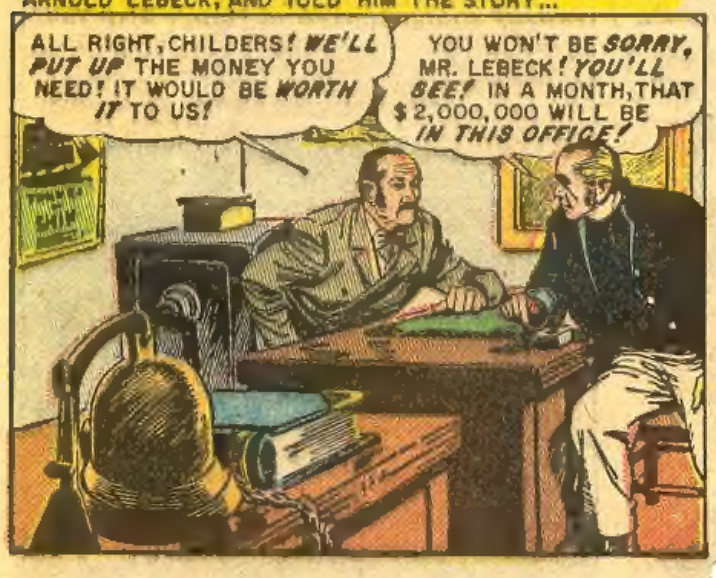
... AND CHILDERS CONTINUED HIS SARCASTIC REMARKS...
DON'T SAY IT CHILDERS! I MYSELF DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY WE'VE HAD SUCH A BAD RUN OF LUCK!
WE'RE RUNNIN' INTO MORE, CAP'N! THE SEA'S TURNIN' HEAVY! THE BAROMETER'S FALLIN'! THE WAY THINGS VE BEEN GOIN', DISASTER'S STARIN' US RIGHT IN THE FACE!
YOU TALK LIKE A FOOL, CHILDERS! THIS ISN'T THE FIRST STORM THE MIMOSA'S RUN INTO!
NO, BUT IT COULD BE HER LAST! I SAY THERE'S A JINX ON US CAP'N! I SAY WE TURN BACK! THE MIMOSA'S NOT AS STAUNT AS SHE USED T' BE!
GET THIS STRAIGHT, CHILDERS! THE MIMOSA'S A TRANS-ATLANTIC VESSEL! SHE'S MADE A HUNDRED CROSSINGS! SHE'S BUILT TO WITHSTAND STORMS. WE'RE GOING AHEAD!
OKAY, CAP'N! I DO AS YOU PLEASE! ONLY I THINK YOU'RE PUSHIN' OUR LUCK!
CHILDERS PROVED TO BE PROPHETIC. THE FOG THICKENED. THE SEA RAN ROUGHER. SOMEWHERE OFF CAPE CHARLES, THE MIMOSA CRASHED INTO ANOTHER SHIP
CRAWNG
THE OTHER SHIP WAS ONLY SLIGHTLY DAMAGED! BUT THE MIMOSA LISTED HEAVILY TO PORT...
CHILDERS! TAKE THE WHEEL! BACK 'ER OFF! I'M GOING BELOW TO INSPECT THE DAMAGE!
CAN'T BE TOO BAD, SIR! CARGO'S SHIFTED, PROBABLY! IF WE CLOSE OFF THE FOR'D BULKHEADS.
A FEW MINUTES LATER, CAPTAIN DOVER RUSHED FROM BELOW DECKS, SHOUTING...
STAND BY TO ABANDON SHIP! LOWER THE LIFEBOATS! HER BOTTOM'S RIPPED OUT! THE MIMOSA'S SINKING FAST!
ABANDON SHIP!? BUT THE TREASURE...!!

THERE'S NO TIME, CHILDERS! YOU'LL BE TRAPPED DOWN THERE TRYING TO GET IT OUT! FORGET ABOUT THE TREASURE!
I CAN'T FORGET ABOUT IT! I CAN'T LET $2,000,000 ROT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA! LE'ME GO!
YOU IDIOT! I'VE GOT TO SAVE YOU FROM YOUR OWN GREED! WILLIAMS! McCABE! TAKE MR CHILDERS TO THE NEAREST LIFEBOAT! THAT'S AN ORDER!
NO! NO! G-GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME! THE TREASURE!
SORRY, CHILDERS BUT I VE... UUHHHH GOT TO DO THIS! ALL RIGHT! GET HIM ABOARD...
AS THE LAST LIFEBOAT PULLED CLEAR OF THE FOUNDERING SHIP..
THERE SHE GOES!
I...I WAS A FOOL, CAP'N! YOU.. YOU WERE RIGHT! YOU SAVED MY LIFE! BUT ALL THAT TREASURE...
FORGET IT, CHILDERS! IT'S GONE! GONE FOREVER!
THE CREW OF THE ILL-FATED NIMOSA WAS PICKED UP BY THE OTHER VESSEL AND RETURNED TO THE STATES. ONE MONTH LATER, EDWARD CHILDERS TURNED UP AT CAPTAIN DOVER'S COTTAGE WITH A FANTASTIC SCHEME...
APPLETON WAS INSURED, WASN'T HE? HE'S NOT INTERESTED IN THE TREASURE! THAT LEAVES IT FAIR GAME FOR US! WHAT DO YOU SAY, CAP'N? WE TEAM UP AND SALVAGE IT!
SORRY, CHILDERS! SALVAGE IS NOT MY BUSINESS! BESIDES, MY HEALTH WOULDN'T PERMIT ME TO DIVE FOR..
YOU DON'T DIVE! I'LL DO IT! JUST PUT UP THE MONEY! THAT'S ALL I ASK!
NO, I'M SORRY, CHILDERS! IT'S A PERILOUS OPERATION! YOU'D HAVE TO PASS THROUGH ROTTING COMPANIONWAYS AND COLLAPSING PARTITIONS TO REACH THAT STRONGBOX...

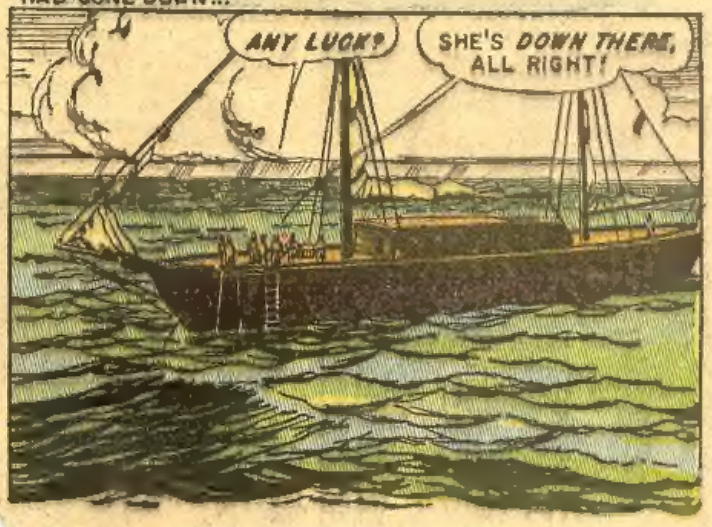
I'VE GOT A LITTLE MONEY SAVED, CHILDERS... BUT I'D BE A FOOL TO INVEST IT IN A VENTURE LIKE THIS...ONE THAT'S BOUND TO FAIL!
THEN...THEN AT LEAST LEND ME THE MIMOSA'S LOG SO'S I CAN LOCATE HER! I'LL GET THE MONEY... SOMEWHERE!

I CAN'T LET YOU HAVE THIS LOG, BUT I CAN GIVE YOU THE INFORMATION YOU NEED! LET'S SEE! HERE IT IS! LATITUDE: 37 DEGREES, 10 MINUTES, LONGITUDE: 74 DEGREES, 80 MINUTES.
THANKS, CAP'N! THANKS A LOT! THAT'S WHAT I NEEDED!

IN CHARLESTON, EDWARD CHILDERS WENT TO SEE A MR. ARNOLD LEBECK, AND TOLD HIM THE STORY...

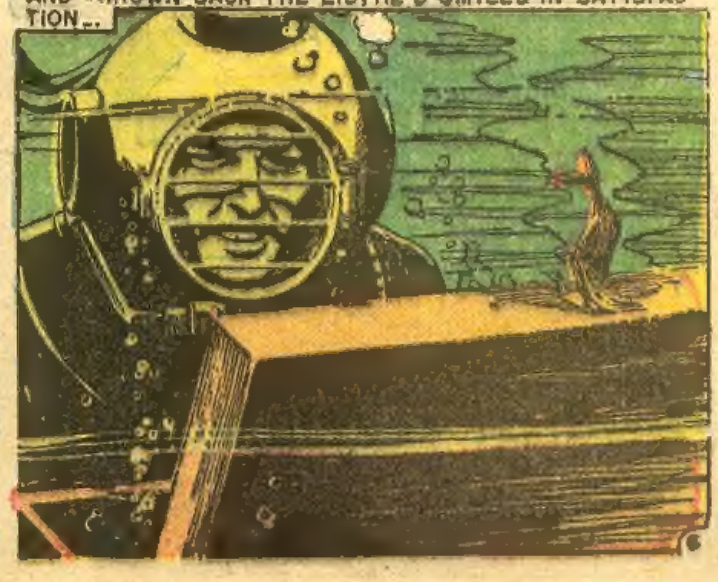

ALL RIGHT, CHILDERS! WE'LL PUT UP THE MONEY YOU NEED! IT WOULD BE WORTH IT TO US!
YOU WON'T BE SORRY, MR. LEBECK! YOU'LL SEE! IN A MONTH, THAT $2,000,000 WILL BE IN THIS OFFICE!

NEXT, CHILDERS CHARTED A SMALL BOAT AND SOME DIVING EQUIPMENT... AND IN A WEEK, HE WAS OFF CAPE CHARLES, OVER THE EXACT SPOT WHERE THE MIMOSA HAD GONE DOWN...



IT TOOK MANY DIVES TO FINALLY BREAK THROUGH TO THE BULLION ROOM, BUT AT LAST CHILDERS STOOD OVER THE STRONG BOX, HIS HEART POUNDING...

...AND WHEN HE'D SMASHED THE NOW RUSTED LOCK AND THROWN BACK THE LID, HE'D SMILED IN SATISFACTION...



ONE WEEK LATER, IN HIS SEASIDE COTTAGE, CAPTAIN EDWARD DOVER STARED WIDE-EYED AT THE RUSTED STRONG-BOX IN HIS EX-FIRST MATE'S ARMS...

YOU...CHOKE...YOU FOUND IT! YOU FOUND THE MIMOSA!?

YES, DOVER...NO THANKS TO YOU! AND I FOUND THIS, TOO...THE STRONGBOX! AS I SUSPECTED...

...IT WAS EMPTY!

S-SOMEBODY... SOMEBODY MUST'VE GOTTEN TO IT FIRST!

THAT'S RIGHT, DOVER! YOU DID! THIS EMPTY BOX WAS ALL I NEEDED... THE LAST BIT OF PROOF! YOU STOLE THE TREASURE!

AT ONE OF THOSE PORTS WE PUT INTO BEFORE WE HEADED FOR EUROPE, YOU TRANSFERRED THE GOLD AND GEMS... THE $2,000,000...TO A CARGO CASK ADDRESSED TO YOURSELF!

YOU INTENDED TO SCUTTLE THE MIMOSA TO COVER YOUR CRIME! WHEN THAT SHIP LOOMED UP OUT OF THE FOG OFF CAPE CHARLES, YOU RAMMED HER! BUT WHEN THE MIMOSA WOULDN'T SINK, YOU WENT BELOW AND PULLED THE STOPCOCKS!

YOU HAD TO STOP ME FROM TRYING TO GET THE TREASURE, BECAUSE I WOULD HAVE DISCOVERED THE TRUTH! SO YOU SOCKED ME! BUT, WHEN YOU REFUSED TO JOIN ME IN A SALVAGE OPERATION I SMELLED SOMETHING FISHY! AND WHEN YOU GAVE ME WRONG READINGS ON THE MIMOSA'S LOCATION, I KNEW! YOU FORGOT, CAP'N! I HAD THE WHEEL WHEN YOU WENT BELOW! I SAW THE NAVIGATION CHARTS!

CHILDERS! I... I'LL SPLIT IT WITH YOU! I'VE GOT THE MONEY HIDDEN IN A CAVE ON THE BEACH BELOW! WE CAN MAKE A DEAL! I...

HEARD ENOUGH, MR. LEBECK?

QUITE ENOUGH, MR. CHILDERS!

THIS IS MR. LEBECK, FROM THE INSURANCE COMPANY THAT COVERED MR. APPLETON'S LOSS, DOVER! AND THE MEN WITH HIM ARE DETECTIVES! I WENT TO HIM WHEN I REALIZED THE TRUTH! I... I'M SORRY FOR YOU! LIKE I SAID...SOME MEN WOULD DO ALMOST ANYTHING FOR $2,000,000!

BETTER COME ALONG WITH US, CAPTAIN! QUIETLY...

THE END

Hi Pal! **Win $100** as I just did!

Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN **10** MINUTES OF FUN A DAY **YOU Can do ALL I did!**

I gained **25** Terrific LBS. of **HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES** all over!

I improved my **HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%**

I won **NEW STRENGTH** for money-making work! for WINNING at all SPORTS!

I won **NEW POPULARITY** Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS

How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These **5** PICTURE-PACKED HE-MAN COURSES Which YOU can NOW get FREE BEFORE $1 PRICE GOES BACK Millions Sold for $1

"I'm PROUD to be seen with Jim NOW! Everybody admires his build," says Nellie. "Jim can lift the front of a 2700 lb. car. He amazes his friends!"

You'll be A Real ATHLETE in ALL SPORTS Soon after YOU mail Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.

YOU CAN WIN a BIG 15" SILVER CUP as I just did! with **YOUR NAME** engraved on it!

JIM NORMAN

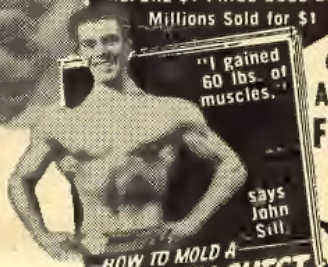
AFTER

He Mailed Coupon Below is Cleveland

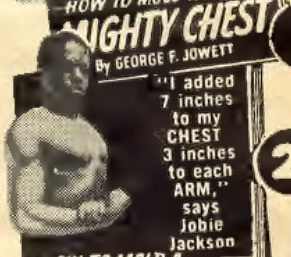
BEFORE

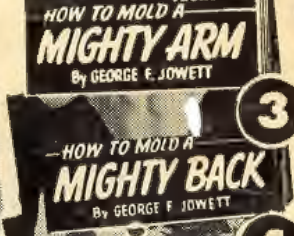
He Mailed Coupon

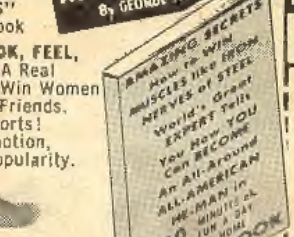
He says, **I gained 70 lbs. of mighty muscle**



GET ALL 5 FREE







Mail the **"ALL FREE"** coupon get this **"AMAZING SECRETS"** Photo Book

You'll **LOOK, FEEL, ACT,** like A Real **HE-MAN!** Win Women and Men Friends. Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popularity.

AMAZING SECRETS How to Win MUSCLES like IRON NERVES of STEEL World's Great EXPERT Tells You How YOU Can BECOME An All-Around ALL-AMERICAN HE-MAN in 10 MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR HOME
PHOTO BOOK

This BOOK will also show You HOW YOU CAN WIN $100.00 and a BIG 15" tall SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me **10** PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

"Congratulations, John! At last you mailed the coupon as EVERY MAN should. Soon You'll be as big and strong as I am," says Jim Norman to John Luckus

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER 3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. en 510

Tell Me How To WIN $100, etc.

"Jowett Courses Greatest in World for Building All-Around HE-MEN" —E. F. Kelley Physical Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SAVES you YEARS o[illegible] DOLLARS!!!

New styles in Christmas cards

YOUR FRIENDS WILL BUY ON SIGHT

You can make over $1.00 on a box

AND WE'LL SEND YOU 26 OF THE TOP FAVORITES TO SHOW, ABSOLUTELY **FREE**

All Different — No Two Cards Alike!

Everybody—friends and neighbors—even strangers—"fall in love" with these new, EXCLUSIVE Christmas Card designs. And no wonder! They're different! They're brand new! They include the finest Religious, Humorous, Artistic, and Business Christmas Cards—Printed, Embossed, and Die-Cut, as well as the sensational, new, EXCLUSIVE "Super-Slims." And even **with sender's name printed on every one,** these new kinds of cards sell for just about 3c each!

Earn Good Money in Your Spare Time

Just compare these cards with the same quality of cards selling in stores for 15c or more each. No wonder you can make good money in spare time just by showing them! Only 50 orders can bring you more than $60 in cash profits by our amazing Double-Up Profit Plan.

MAKE MORE THAN $60.00 ON ONLY 50 ORDERS

Just mail the coupon and you'll receive 26 of these exciting new cards—all different—and all absolutely free. Along with these FREE cards, we'll send you everything else you need to make lots of quick cash for yourself, your church or your club. And we'll show you how you can make this extra money every week between now and Christmas! The 26 cards you'll receive are in full color — all the newest and most popular designs we ever created, and they are **Exclusive!**

SEND NO MONEY — MAIL COUPON and Get Everything Needed to Begin

There is no charge for this Sample Kit. All you do is mail us the coupon with your name and address. When the cards arrive, show them to friends and neighbors. If, in 10 days, you aren't delighted with the money you've made, and the orders you've received—if you still aren't completely convinced that this is a wonderful spare-time money maker for you — just return the Kit and forget the matter. You owe it to yourself, after reading this far—**to try it.** Mail the coupon today.

GENERAL CARD COMPANY
1300 West Jackson Boulevard
Dept. 1939 - - - Chicago 7, Illinois

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL THIS COUPON

GENERAL CARD CO.
1300 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 1939
Chicago 7, Illinois

FREE

Please send me the 26 EXCLUSIVE Christmas Cards FREE, with New Color Catalog of Stationery, Gift Wraps and Gifts, and complete instructions for making lots of money by taking orders in full or spare time. It is understood that I pay nothing for these 26 cards now or ever. If after 10 days, I am not delighted with the orders I've gotten, and the money I am making, I'll send your Valuable Sample Kit back and forget the matter.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *Zone* ___ *State* ___